JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1888

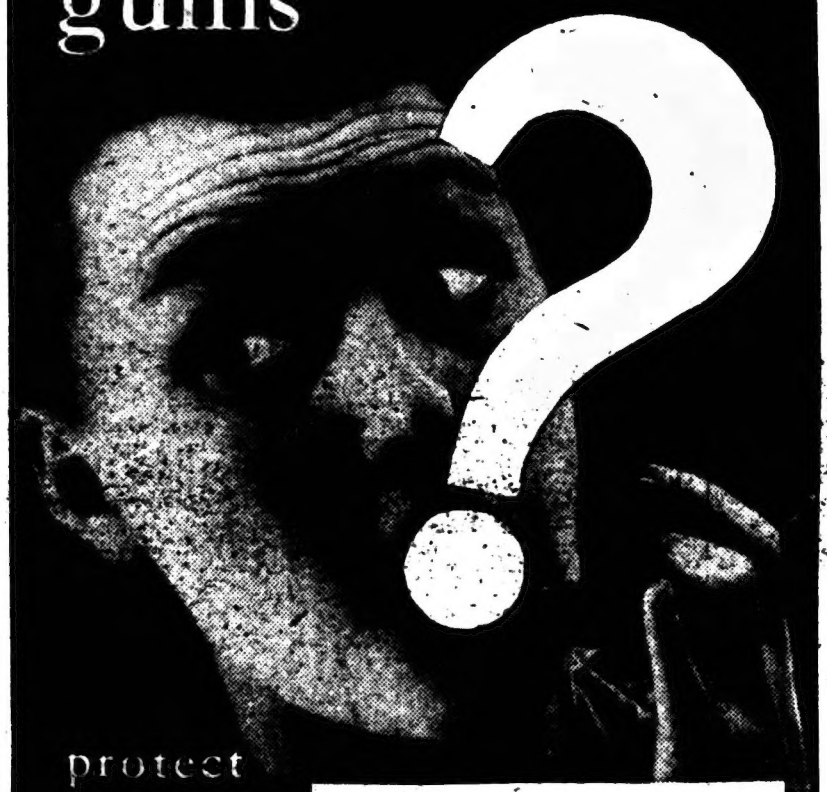
3D EVERY THURSDAY

TACKLE SERVICE PAY PROBLEM By The EDITOR

BATTLE OF U-BOAT GRAVEYARD

UNITED NATIONS MUST SAVE INDIA by A. G. G.

Have no doubt about healthy gums



protect gums as well as teeth with

If you see blood on your toothbrush, beware—it's a warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). Stop these dangerous conditions *now* by using 'S.R.' Toothpaste. 'S.R.' contains Sodium Ricinoleate—the dentist's own treatment for gum troubles; that's why it helps to keep gums as well as teeth sound and healthy.

New Size 1/3 *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes ★ to your retailer and help the RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

GR 118-198-60

D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

Your soap ration will go twice as far with

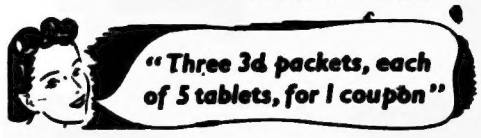
MAZO

SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS

Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

THINK what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. 'Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.

add MAZO to get extra cleansing energy from soap



MZ 85-84 (

SELLING AGENTS: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

Mrs. L: My problem is to find light summer meals that are also nourishing.

Mrs. M: It was mine, too—but Fry's has solved it. I always get it every week, and now I don't mind if the family has just a light meal so long as they have a cup of nourishing Fry's Cocoa with it. It's food out of a cup, that's what I say.

Mrs. L: Fry's goes to the top of my weekly shopping list from now on.

Mrs. M: What I like about Fry's is that it's one really good food that everyone can afford. And just you watch how your children drink it up—*it's the Cocoa with the real chocolate flavour.*

FRY'S COCOA

The food you should buy EVERY WEEK

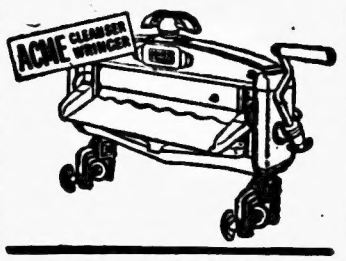
5oz QTR. LB. · 9½d HALF LB.

★ Always use a tin to store your cocoa in

C253-21941

Up at the Hall . . .

they could do with six Acmes instead of one. Fifty convalescents mean a mountain of washing—but that stout little Acme, stands up to the strain perfectly. You see there aren't any new Acmes to be had—the makers' former employees have been at action stations since the day war broke out. In the meantime, the Hall's lucky to have even one—most of you will just have to borrow! But some day . . .



THIS WEEK'S

MF FOOD FACTS

Bottling without Sugar

. . . and, if you follow these directions, it will be bottling without tears or fears. Our home-grown crop of fruit is precious. Every ounce of it must be saved. Home-grown fruits are grand ship-savers. And plums, tomatoes, damsons, bottled without sugar, will be very welcome in the winter.

Even more bottles and rings have been sent out to the shops this year than last—but demand is heavier too. Manufacture is still going on, so if you don't succeed in buying at the first attempt it is worth trying again. You may be able to use old rubber rings, but test them first for elasticity.

OVEN METHOD

1. Wash and drain jars. 2. Pack fruit tightly, almost to top of jar. 3. Place in moderate oven (250° F.) on cardboard or several thicknesses of paper. Jars should be covered with the lids (without rubber rings) to prevent fruit from burning. 4. Leave in oven for ½ hr. to 1 hr., until fruit is cooked. Fruit shrinks in cooking, so top up with fruit from one of the jars. 5. Remove jars from oven one at a time, place on wooden table and cover fruit with boiling water. 6. Tap jars to expel bubbles. 7. Seal at once with rubber rings, lids and clips or screw-bands. The screw-bands should be tightened as jars cool. 8. Test next day by removing screw-bands or clips. If seal is perfect you can lift jars by lids. Screw-bands should be dried and put on again loosely. Clips should not be replaced.

PULPING

This is a simple way of bottling stewed fruit, whether soft or hard. Windfall apples or bruised plums can be bottled by this method if all bruised parts are removed. 1. Stew fruit until thoroughly pulped, using only enough water to prevent the pan from burning. (30 minutes is needed for soft fruit, longer for hard textured fruit.) 2. Pour at once into clean hot jars. 3. Seal immediately with rubber rings, lids, etc. 4. Place the jars in a can of hot water. Bring to boiling point and boil for 5 minutes. (Tomatoes 15 minutes.) Jars should be completely covered with water. 5. Remove jars and tighten screw-bands.

FISH HOT-POT

Cooking time: ½ hour. **Ingredients:** 1 lb. of white fish filleted, 4 oz. grated cheese, 1½ lb. sliced potatoes, vegetable stock or household milk or water, pepper, salt. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Method:** Cut the fillets of fish into pieces. Roll in flour and put in a greased fireproof dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, then with grated cheese, and cover with a layer of sliced potato. Continue in this way until all is used, finish with a layer of potatoes. Pour in vegetable stock, household milk or water to fill a quarter of the dish. Cook in moderate oven for three quarters of an hour. Sprinkle with plenty of chopped parsley.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 110

Inner Cleanliness with Andrews is the simple health rule. Millions rely on Andrews, the quality is always the same. Now one size only, 8 ozs. for 1/10½d, including purchase tax.

C253

FATIGUED? – No Sir!

If this present weather makes you feel fatigued and headachy, try some Beecham's Powders. Believe me, they're good! They allay the pain and give you just that 'lift' you need.

Beecham's Powders are a fine remedy for Nervous Headaches, Summer Colds and Chills, Hay Fever, Rheumatic Twinges and Neuralgia. QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results because of their special powder form. They are a splendid pick-me-up.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Carton of Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

30,000,000 flying letters!

This is the latest total of letters handled in the Airgraph Letter Service.

Airgraph letters go *all the way* by air, and so arrive sooner than by any other mail service.

Airgraph letters, a hundred times lighter than ordinary letters, save valuable aircraft space.

Airgraph letters can now be sent to civilians in eleven African and Asiatic countries, and to Forces personnel in twenty different territories.

Airgraph letters to the Forces cost 3d; to civilians, 8d.

What do I do . . . ?

I use the Airgraph Letter Service whenever possible when I write abroad. I get an official letter form from any post office and follow carefully the instructions on the back. I always write the address in large block letters.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

The Home Guard against germs

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP—2° PER TABLET (1 Coupon)

the household favourite

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

ER77-06/42

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 22, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

PLAN AND ACT

TWO years ago this week-end the Battle of Britain began. This week-end, another trial of courage and endurance is shaping the destiny of all mankind.

Timoshenko's great army is fighting back with the dash and steadfastness displayed by the handful of R.A.F. pilots two summers ago.

Despite the all-out effort of the Nazis, their great advances are slowing down; the Soviet counter-attacks are beginning to develop.

Our Chance

Still further to the south-east, Japanese hopes have been checked by the attack on the Solomons.

Now, then, is there scope for inter-Allied action far greater in weight and purpose than when British and Russian forces moved into Persia this time last year.

Strike as One

Let us strike with all our might at our enemies before they can disengage their main forces!

To do so, we must have a united strategy for military action.

Is it the Dawn!

"The day dawns," our radio tells the French. That cheering summons is evidently a little premature.

And, despite the sense of frustration felt by everyone not in the Cabinet, it had better be premature.

Because we must make sure our arrangements are perfect before we seek to invade the Continent.

What We Lack

They are not perfect. Most patently they have grave defects.

Worst of all is the lack of a joint general staff to plan the united strategy of this war, to direct the mighty offensives by which the war will be won, to think before we act.

Humdrum Business

Our general staff is fully occupied with day-to-day routine, the trivialities of inter-Service business.

Like the Cabinet, it cannot devote all its time to thinking and planning.

Looking Ahead

Every success of our enemies has been planned months ahead. Every detail of every campaign was shrewdly and methodically planned.

Whereas we—with few exceptions—have but countered each threat as it has become manifest.

We have improvised magnificently; rarely have we planned ahead of the event.

U.S. and Us

We have co-operated with the powerful allies who have joined us in this world conflict. We have still to co-ordinate our effort with theirs.

For example, between ourselves and the American forces now in our midst there is naturally some sort of liaison.

But liaison is a poor substitute for unified planning. The U.S. commanders and our own should be in constant session to initiate and adapt joint plans.

The Unknown

Again, Commando raids are staged by Lord Louis Mountbatten's Combined Operations forces.

Commando raids, however courageous and however deeply they may penetrate the enemy's defences, are but rehearsals for the big attack.

Yet no Combined Operations command, no supreme commander, have been appointed to prepare for that big attack we hope to launch at the earliest possible moment.

Two Names

The Americans would like one of their own commanders as generalissimo. That is understandable, for the time may come when there will be more Americans than British engaged in chasing the Germans back to Berlin.

So will it be General Marshall or General Eisenhower, or a British commander who will lead the attack? And are the U.S. air forces to work in complete co-ordination with the R.A.F.?

Supreme Decisions

These questions should be answered now.

Above all, we need to know that there is a real Supreme War Council to direct the whole strategy of the United Nations.

Each or All!

We have not that assurance. We may not doubt that agreement has been reached in the Moscow talks on the part each of the great Powers will take in the coming months.

But we do not want each of the United Nations to play only its individual part, to give what help it can to its allies.

To win this war, *all* the United Nations must strike as a whole.

Whole-Time

Thus there should be planning as a whole.

Planning not by occasional meetings in London, Washington and Moscow of statesmen and soldiers. But planning by every-day councils representing all the land, air and sea forces engaged!

One Battle

Mr. Curtin wisely declares that the Battle for the Caucasus, for the Middle East, and for the Atlantic is the battle for Australia.

Similarly, what Timoshenko does to-day may vitally affect what the R.A.F. proposes to do over Germany to-night and what Auchinleck plans to do in Egypt to-morrow. The war has become one vast battle.

It demands not only a world-wide military strategy, but united strategy for production and the distribution of supplies.

Cut the Neck

That is imperative if we are to overcome the shortage of raw materials which Japan's conquests have imposed upon us.

The shortage is serious, both here and in the United States. It is constricting our war production into a narrow bottleneck.

And when the finished goods leave that bottleneck their distribution to the war fronts is restricted by our still heavy shipping losses.

First, then, we must smash the bottleneck.

Save and Make

How? By making sure that not an ounce of raw material is wasted. By intensifying the salvage of scrap of all kinds.

Though our salvage campaign was slow to start it is gathering momentum. But it must be increased still more quickly; particularly should the search for waste rubber be hastened.

Needless Cargo

At the same time, the demands on our shipping must be lessened.

There is no sense in bringing cars across the Atlantic for the use of U.S. soldiers here; there are cars enough in Britain that could be made available to them.

There is no justification for shipping luxuries to Gibraltar; there will be no complaint if still fewer non-essentials are imported into Britain.

Sacrifices

For the people of Britain have made clear their readiness to "grin and bear it."

They have no disposition to accept sacrifices for the sake of sacrifice, no patience with kill-joys who would make the demand for austerity a pretext for puritanism.

But they will do everything needful for the winning of the war.

The Target

Britain's part in the war has been long and heavy. Without it, the world would by now be the aggressors' estate.

Yet there is no self-satisfaction here. Instead, there is the demand for a far heavier effort that will lead to the aggressors' certain defeat.

We must punch hard, at the right time and the right place

Brain and Muscle

To deliver the knock-out blow we should start now to use our brains and brace our muscles.

Joint and simultaneous force by the United Nations can snap the Axis while it is bearing its greatest strain!

Lord Simon's Gaffe

And should we not begin now to plan the peace we mean to establish when the aggressors' power is broken? Lord Simon, speaking for the Government, thinks not.

Rejecting the idea of an inter-Allied commission to work out the Atlantic Charter promises, he is content to say that Anglo-American co-operation "constitutes the best hope for the world."

That is highly necessary, certainly. But what of Russia and China?

Unity

Those two great Powers, and all the other allies of Britain and the U.S., cannot be treated like poor relations.

They are playing a great part in war. They will have much to say in the peace. They have a right to demand that the United Nations should indeed be united in the vital tasks that confront them all.

(Continued overleaf)

MADE TO WAIT

● **Foreigners serving in the Fighting Forces are not impressed by British hospitality.**

They point out that refugees from Hitlerism who join the U.S. army are entitled to American citizenship after three months' service.

But those who enlist in the British Forces are promised no more than "preferential consideration" when their applications for naturalisation are eventually dealt with.

They are, to put it bluntly, made to wait.

Yet these fighters against oppression—be they German or Italian—have earned praise for their exemplary services.

British citizenship is essential to them.

Otherwise, they would be treated as traitors and shot out of hand if captured by the enemy. If naturalised, they would be protected by international law.

Besides, if they are good enough to fight for Britain, they are good enough to be British citizens.

Home Office, please note.

A WIDOW WRITES TO "JOHN BULL":—

"Such a scheme as yours is a great help and comfort at a time like this."—*So writes Mrs. E. A. Pittwood, of Bournemouth, whose husband was killed in a recent raid.*

AN AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY | ***Underwritten at LLOYD'S*** | **FREE FOR EVERY READER!**

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

GOOD news for Tommy Atkins! Soon, when certain difficulties have been removed, it is intended to give every soldier a quarterly return of his pay account.

Royal Army Pay Corps, for whom it means harder work, are, nevertheless, happy about it.

They won't get blamed so often for mistakes they don't make.

So here's wishing every soldier a fat balance—made fatter by a little generosity from the Treasury in the shape of increased pay and allowances.

Tell Us, Sam!

Certain traders are using the discrepancy between U.S. and British Army pay rates as an excuse for overcharging "doughboys."

Worst example to reach us is the case of a laundry that has raised prices 50 per cent. to our visitors.

U.S. troops—many of whom now read us, some actually dropping in on us—should report all such cases to us, are hereby assured that Britons generally despise such flagrant profiteering as much as they.

Colour Bar

Naturally we've got our profiteers. And our mock patriots.

Among the latter we include estate agents who, happy to make money out of war workers wanting lodgings, refuse to supply addresses to men of colour seeking a home.

We hear from a West African, a nice, cultured boy sent to an English seaport as a ship-repairing fitter, that every agent refuses to help him find rest for his curly head.

Girls Not Wanted

Even Officialdom is not without its crazy prejudices.

We instance the case of a woman born in Britain of Greek parents who lived in England most of their lives.

Her husband, 100 per cent. British, is afloat with the Royal Navy, her brother in the British Army, her cousins distributed throughout our Fighting Services.

But she and her sisters cannot join the women's services, are also refused Government jobs, because they have the blood of heroic Greece.

No Coupons, No War Work!

Then a Welsh woman, anxious to become a Red Cross nurse, found the uniform and other clothing would cost her £10 in money and forty-two clothing coupons.

We are not blaming a very wonderful organisation that could see its income doubled and still want for money for its great work.

But surely the Board of Trade could help in the matter of coupons—especially with the need for nurses so great!

Strange Holiday

Home on leave, a Merchant Navy officer sought coupons of a different kind.

He was told he could apply for "leave petrol." He brings the petrol here, anyway.

He was sent in turn to the Petroleum Board, a recruiting centre, an Army adjutant, a London office, the Board of Trade, another recruiting centre, Luton, an Army petrol dump, the town hall, an office outside Luton, and finally St. Albans.

He might have continued the tour but, just as it seemed possible he might get petrol, his leave ended.

It's Still Done

If he was like some selfish people he could have motored without coupons. It's a new trick for defeating the distance limit imposed on car-hire firms.

Firm A drives you to a point where, by telephone appointment, you are picked up by Firm B, which takes you to a place where a car awaits from Firm C. How far you go depends largely on how much you spend.

Yes, it costs money to escape war time inconveniences!

Lights o' London

Just one more bit of news for the Minister of Fuel and Power.

A reader, walking through Copthall Avenue and other City of London streets adjoining, counted twenty-nine street lamps with their pilot-lights still burning. This after three years of black-out.

Perhaps the City Corporation wants to be ready for Armistice celebrations!

Milky Way

An even worse example of waste comes from a West Country town where 48,000 tins of condensed milk, *in their cases*, have been dumped into a quarry preparatory to being buried beneath ashes.

A public-spirited reader tested a few, estimates that 75 per cent. are fit for human consumption.

However that might be, what's wrong with letting our pig population turn them into palatable rashers?

Now Then, War Office

We get letters from country districts in which it is easier to get milk than water.

Reason (often): That new war factories draw heavily on meagre local water supplies.

We happen to know that the Royal Engineers have experts who can find water pretty well anywhere in the world—and the appliances for bringing it to the surface.

Why not let them help these stricken districts out, and get good practice while doing it?

Sh-sh-sh-sh!

One of the new war factories that has been hidden away in remote country—let us deceive the enemy by saying it is at Blankhamlet—is such a masterpiece of camouflage that even the birds are deceived.

The thousands of people who pass it by train think it is a wood, until they see, at the side of the line, and in monster letters, the words: MINISTRY OF SUPPLY FACTORY, BLANKHAMLET.

This Is Progress

Many soldier readers are touchy about the new system of inviting private soldiers to dine with the officers.

It isn't, as they suppose, some snobbish test of table manners.

It is intended to kill snobbery, not to foster it.

It is done because the War Office realises that, unless your C.O. meets you sometimes on more equal terms, he can't judge what you are made of.

Don't Lose Your Head!

You can have a ring tattooed on your finger, drop your bread, and use the wrong fork—but as long as you don't panic about it you won't do yourself any harm.

A JOHN BULL man who dined with officers and men was told by the Brigadier presiding:

"I invited our wickedest young devil, had him sit next to me, found we had an officer he'd have given his young life to serve under, put him under that man—and now he's a real 100 per center who will one day wear his pips."

Doffers!

That is military common-sense. This is military stupidity:

Major Runtz, Company Commander, Beaconsfield Home Guard, says that his men should salute him and his fellow-officers even when they are wearing felt hats, bowlers or caps.

The action must be the deferential hat-raising one—even when the meeting is in the local streets.

So local Home Guards are either going hatless or carrying their head-gear!

Something to Laugh At!

Then there's the case of men working at a key munition factory who have been given Home Guard duties.

Some of the men, such as those engaged on delicate caliper work for sixty hours a week, are experts because of their remarkable sense of feel and touch.

Protests that some of the Home Guard duties given them destroy those fine senses are being laughed at.

So work on which lives depend suffers.

Treasury Again!

Anybody wanting a thick ear should tell a Home Guard he's only half a soldier.

But the Treasury can do it with impunity.

It says the widow of a Home Guard killed on duty cannot get more than 25s. a week pension, whatever her responsibilities, whatever her husband's rank.

It can be as low as 17s. 6d.

Similar widows' pensions in the case of Army men killed on duty reach 35s. a week (non-commissioned rank), £110 a year (subaltern), £500 a year (general).

Locked Doors

A London reader wrote telling us of locked first-class compartments on the L.M.S. night express from Scotland to London.

Weary soldiers had to lie over one another. Never mind seats, there wasn't even floor space for each person.

One young lad in full kit had to stand, hugging rifle, for ten hours.

And the locked "firsts" were pretty well empty.

We Inquire

So a JOHN BULL man went out on test.

At Liverpool Street, the L.N.E.R. had officials standing at the locked doors of first-class coaches.

If you looked prosperous, and tried a locked door, and then, challenged, produced a "first" ticket, the door was opened for you in a second.

If not—it was the crowded "thirds" or the packed corridors.

Why This Difference!

The third-class carriages of one particular train were, indeed, a jammed, packed mass of soldiers, sailors and airmen, women, babies, and impedimenta, corridors and lavatories included.

The "first" carriages, when the train left, were less than half-full.

The JOHN BULL man got three independent witnesses to certify that one "first" coach had seventeen seats occupied, twenty-two unoccupied.

Now, Mr. Bevin

How, in war time, can the L.N.E.R. justify the use of men to watch first-class coaches and make sure the war doesn't inconvenience the users?

It wasn't done in peace time. It is done now because the company realises how intolerable are conditions in the third-class compartments.

Let Mr. Bevin have these surplus coach watchers—and let human beings find comfort in those empty boxes.

Behind the News

- **Over a hundred new Nazi generals have been appointed owing to heavy casualties among higher officers.**
- *Himmler's rivalry with Hitler's military advisers is causing serious friction; he was, significantly, missing from recent deliberations under Goering's chairmanship.*
- German soldiers are so worried about the prospect of a second Russian winter that they are now receiving a special medal for fighting in Russia and a hint that it might entitle the wearer to special benefits when the war is over.
- **Big round-up of German ex-Servicemen is in progress—men are sent to the Atlantic coast to build fortifications.**
- *Hitler's chauffeur and food-taster, Kempka, has returned to duty after a severe attack of food poisoning.*
- His predecessor, Schreck, was shot while driving Hitler just before the war. Hitler's first A.D.C., Bahls, was killed mysteriously early in the Polish campaign.
- **Nazi system of casualty lists is being applied in Rome. This delays information by four months, limits the notices in areas which have suffered badly.**
- *Though West Don harvest was lost, Russian defence has saved almost all the much greater tonnage of Caucasus crops. Goering had relied on them to feed Germany!*
- Quislings along north-west European coast have been warned that they are held responsible with their lives for public behaviour if the Allies invade.
- **Laval has begun a purge of French civil services. Darlan himself is under suspicion as a result of recent quarrels with Laval.**
- *Axis agents are doing badly in Afghanistan. Their new radio station, built to broadcast sedition in India, has been "bought" and shut down by the local government after Anglo-Russian hints.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

TACKLE SERVICE PAY PROBLEM!

WHEN M.P.s get back to work one of their first jobs will be to study the White Paper on Service Pay and Allowances which the Government is now preparing.

It should not take much study to convince any man of honesty and common-sense that both must be increased.

And handsomely! We want no more niggling concessions to men who are fighting for us.

Parliament will debate this question early in the new session. It should insist on a fair and decent standard of pay for all Service men and their dependants.

JOHN BULL always fights for reform, but in this instance we demand nothing but justice.

We say that the country owes a debt to its soldiers, sailors and airmen, which is overdue and ought to be discharged at once.

Ask yourselves one question: Is it fair that the troops serving their country, and their families, should be denied the reasonable comforts which their civilian neighbours can afford?

With one voice our readers would say "No" to that question, but some of them may not realise how seriously Service men *are* at a disadvantage in comparison with civilians.

Here are some facts. A man's standard pay on enlistment is half-a-crown a day. He gets another sixpence after about six months' training, and qualifies for an additional "bob a day" service pay *at the end of three years*!

Assuming he has also earned 3d. a day proficiency money, he would then draw a total weekly pay packet of 29s. 9d., as against the "average" of £5 2s. now earned by men in reserved occupations.

The Ministry of Labour struck that civilian average in a recent analysis covering 6,000,000 workers, including unskilled and general labourers.

The Ministry of War, reckoning the soldier's keep and clothing—rather lavishly—at £2 2s. 6d. a week, cannot pretend that it bridges the gap.

Here's another point: The lowest paid American private overseas earns 8s. 4d. a day; the Australians and New Zealanders about 7s., and the Canadians 5s. 5d. (at approximate exchange values).

While our Tommy gets 3s. a day after six months' service and 4s. 3d. when he has done three years!

We will not stress this comparison because our American Allies and our partners in the British Commonwealth have every right to pay what they can afford.

No matter what they pay, *we* have no right to do anything but our best for any of our boys in uniform. We can't pretend that we are doing it now

THE burden falls harder upon women and children than upon men, and it is the stark truth that many Service families are living in very straitened circumstances.

Some more facts in support of this statement: The allowance to a ranker's wife is now 21s. 6d. a week, plus 3s. 6d. stopped from her husband's pay.

If she has children, she receives 8s. 6d. for the first, 6s. 6d. for the second, and 5s. a week each for any others.

Thus Mrs. Thomas Atkins with three children draws a total of £2 5s. a week, including her husband's allotment.

Now it is true that some families contrive to manage on this meagre income, but a recent investigation by the Glasgow branch of the Children's Nutrition Council proves that many have to go cruelly short.

More than a third of the families interviewed could not afford an adequate diet, and more than a quarter could only buy enough food by practising the most rigid economy in other directions.

When we say that this is an intolerable state of affairs, we mean that the country must refuse to tolerate it any longer.

Nor will it. The Labour Party has been foremost in demanding increased pay and allowances, but to-day all fairminded M.P.s, irrespective of Party, intend to see justice done.

We have been discussing so far nothing but minimums, and we are well aware that large numbers of serving men earn well over the minimum.

There are, in fact, nearly 200 different rates of pay in the Army alone!

Indeed, the entire Army Pay system is grotesque, out of date, and cumbersome to the last degree.

It should have been scrapped before the war began. It was never planned; it "just growed," like Topsy, until "the Royal Warrant for Pay, Appointment, Promotion and Non-Effective Pay of the Army" came to contain 1,200 articles and seven appendices!

This Royal Warrant is a permanent headache for thousands of hard-working men in the Pay Corps and hundreds of thousands of bewildered troops.

Too late to scrap it now, when five different groups of military "tradesmen," with two or three different classes in each group, draw pay accordingly, but it is not too late to simplify it and cut out its worst confusions, injustices and labour-wasting Red-tape.

Still, one thing at a time, for the Pay Corps can wait and the Service men and their dependants should not be kept waiting any longer.

In justice to the Government, we must make it clear that hundreds of thousands of Service men's families are being paid more than the minimum allowances.

They can apply for War Service Grants up to a limit of £3 a week to cover unavoidable pre-war commitments, such as rent, rates, insurance, hire-purchase, and school fees.

Present arrangement is that, after these commitments are provided for, dependants should be left with a clear margin of 16s. a week for adults and 8s. for each child under fourteen.

These War Service grants *had* to be made to meet the special needs of great numbers of men now in uniform who, without them, would be ruined and crippled with debt.

Moreover, the grants will have to continue, no matter what increases may be made in basic pay and allowances.

We loathe the Means Test as it has been applied to the workless in the past, and as it is still applied to many pensioners to-day.

But the case of the serving man is quite different. If he has to claim a special grant, it is clearly essential for him to prove his special needs.

And we gladly pay tribute to the sympathetic way in which the Ministry of Pensions, now dealing with this particular problem, is meeting these claims.

There were originally many exasperating delays and a lot of fussy officialdom. Now action has been greatly speeded up and formalities and inquiries reduced to something near the workable minimum.

Acknowledging this, we come back to the basic fact that basic rates of pay and allowances must be raised.

JOHN BULL believes, with many Members of the House of Commons, that we could get reasonably near to equality of treatment as between fighting man and war worker by the following changes:—

(1) *Abolition of the 3s. 6d. allotment from the married man's pay.*

(2) *A shilling a day extra pay for all ranks up to and including sergeant.*

(3) *An extra 10s. a week for wives.*

(4) *A standard allowance of 10s. a week for each child.*

(5) *The granting of statutory rights to dependent mothers so that they would be placed on the same footing as soldiers' wives.*

Other reforms and changes will, no doubt, be suggested in the House during the forthcoming debate, and we would certainly support proposals for some increase in the pay of junior officers.

But, in the main, what we advocate and what we demand is no more than a fair and decent standard of pay for every soldier, sailor, and airman, and fair allowances for their families and dependants.

German Women in the War Mirror

I HAVE just read *Frauenwarte*, the only official women's journal of the Nazi Party, and waded through a maze of contradictory items in other papers—demands and exhortations, veiled reproof and limited praise.

★ ★ ★

Main feature of the most recent issue of *Frauenwarte* to reach this country is what I can only describe as the German woman's geography of the war. It is a long article, illustrated with pictures following the progress of Hitler's conquests through Europe.

The pictures show German soldiers' graves. Snow-covered graves near Oslo, "Heroes Graves" in Greece, "rest places" of Germans in Libya, graves of Panzer crews in France, and, of course, the mass graves of the "German fighters against Bolshevism" in Russia.

Not a word about victories. Not a hint of glory. Just a reminder that the ancient Greek Pericles once said that the thought of the dead is invigorating and does not cause us to age.

What *Frauenwarte* writes for and about women to-day is usually repeated and elaborated by the rest of the German Press to-morrow.

But there is abounding evidence that German women are more concerned with the loss of their husbands, brothers, sons and friends than with the military achievements of the Wehrmacht.

Another feature of *Frauenwarte* provides a significant pointer to the mood of the German women.

"Could the war have been avoided?" is the question posed by a Nazi propagandist who answers it at length.

★ ★ ★

A curious question to ask in the third year of the war. A lot of German women must be asking this question if official Nazi propaganda deems it necessary to reply to it so extensively.

Pages are full of hints and advice on how German women can replace their fearful losses. Their attention is drawn to scores of Reichs-Bride Schools; town and village institutions offer to help German women learn the art of marriage. A macabre note creeps into these reports when they deal, as it is frequently the case, with the officially sanctioned marriage of German girls to dead soldiers.

★ ★ ★

Years of propaganda have convinced the German woman that her place is in the home, and she only reluctantly responds to demands that she should now work in offices and factories. It is significant that Nazi propaganda now knows no other means to induce the German woman to take up industrial work than to hold up for them—the example of British women, who are described as having responded enthusiastically to the call of their country.

But everything in the German woman's life seems overshadowed by her despair about the frightful number of killed, maimed and missing men.

W. F.

Major-General MARK CLARK U.S. Ground Forces in Britain

DEAR GENERAL,—Your mighty army has not come to Britain just to pick daisies.

You are more interested in the coast-line of Europe than in the lovely gardens and smooth lawns of the old castle in which you have your headquarters.

So I judge by your curt comment on the possibility of a Western Front—"Sooner the better."

On the same day last week your commander-in-chief, General Eisenhower, broadcast an urgent appeal from London for more arms from your countrymen at home.

"We wait for those weapons," he said. "I'll leave it to our enemies to guess where, when and how we'll use them. We pledge you we will use them effectively."

I know you will.

I've been looking at your lads, and I don't think the Germans will like them.

You've speeded up their training. You have hardened them by real close-range artillery fire.

It's nice of you to say you want them to be as "fine and hard" as the British Tommy.

But we don't need to exchange compliments in this business. It's going to be a joint affair, and partners don't have to give each other bouquets to get things done.

The chief concern of both of our peoples is to make a start.

I do not know our plans for an offensive in the West. I do not want to know.

But I am convinced that it will be a grim business, for Jerry will fight to the death.

And so our offensive, when it comes, must be no small-scale affair—no mere probing of the new enemy defences, no mere diversion to the bitter battles now raging in Russia.

No. It must be the real thing this time. It must be sustained by every ounce of our strength.

It must be backed by the efforts of our industrial workers to the very limit of human endurance.

I reckon you will not be satisfied with much less. Nor shall I—nor will most other people.

Meanwhile, we have one earnest of your intentions.

In the last war it took a year after their entry in the war before American troops began to arrive in Europe in any substantial number.

This year, eight months has sufficed for you to build up a European army and to take the offensive in the Pacific.

Here's wishing you—and us all—still bigger and quicker achievements in the future!—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, M.P., Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—Your fellow-Ministers are hag-ridden by committees. The nation's business is impeded by the sheer inertia of committees. Quick decisions are impossible because affairs of State—great and small—are referred from committees to sub-committees and sub-sub-committees.

Leadership has been surrendered to bureaucracy. And bureaucracy, frightened to act quickly and boldly, shuffles its responsibility to bodies of earnest gentlemen who dilly and dally for months.

When at last their "recommendations" are made, months more are wasted while they are "considered" by some higher authority.

Then, all too often, they are shelved—because the need for them has passed!

For example, "utility furniture" is urgently wanted to smash the Black Market racket in the furnishing trade. Yet the design of that furniture has been entrusted to a committee that rarely meets, so production will not begin for months.

By then, of course, the Black Marketmen will have netted fortunes.

One Ministry has set up twenty-six committees—including one on the "fire-grading of materials," another on "the architectural use of materials,"-and so on.

Maybe they will report next year, sometime, never. But that will not satisfy a country which, in the third year of war, is already contemptuous of vexatious delays and verbose reports.

There should be some committees, certainly.

Every Minister should have his panel of experts to whom he can turn for guidance on technical difficulties.

But no Minister should appoint a dozen and more committees to haggle over petty points that any business man could settle in half an hour.

The nation is becoming impatient of Ministers who dodge their responsibilities and defer their duties to time-wasting groups of people not answerable to Parliament.

Because you are no dodger, because you have shown that you realise the importance of quick decisions in our life-and-death struggle against a ruthless enemy, I appeal to you.

Make Ministers fulfil their own jobs and cut the cackle!—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal P. BABINGTON, Air Member for Personnel

DEAR SIR,—Mistakes may be inevitable in a vast organisation, but some are inexcusable unless speedily rectified.

Your Cardington depot sent a letter to a young man accusing him of failing to answer an enlistment notice.

The man's father answered by pointing out that the supposed "absentee" had actually been serving in the R.A.F for six months, and giving full particulars.

Next, he went to the recruiting centre where his son had joined up.

But a few days afterwards the police arrived with a warrant for the young man's arrest.

It is alleged that later they went to the father's business address.

I hope it doesn't often happen.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Total war has come to Britain.

Thanks to you, electric cigar-lighters and drink mixers are no longer to be made.

I am sure the news will be a balm to those of our people who have been bereaved by war or have lost their homes by bombing.

It may even comfort our Russian allies to know that, though they have lost so many of their gallant men and so much of their richest lands, Britain is stripped for a do-or-die effort.

But, though I am grateful for all you have done in your short term at the Board of Trade, is there nothing more you could do to prevent the waste of money and materials?

Despite your ban on electrical luxuries, are there no fripperies left to detract from our total-war endeavours?

I ask because Bond Street jewellers tell me that they can hardly keep check on the prices of precious stones—so rapidly are they rising.

I ask also because the new-rich are openly advertising for "small country houses" and offering prices of £20,000 and more.

I ask because the purchase tax has not stopped the sale of fur coats costing £200 or £300.

Now the time has come to stop all the big luxuries that mock the economy and the hardship so willingly endured by the majority of the nation.

Do not, therefore, merely outlaw such luxurious trifles as electric waffle irons and drink mixers. Impose a similar ban on the sale of diamonds and other major extravagances!

It should be made impossible to spend more than £50 on any article without official permission.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Talkers and Meddlers

MAN plans on a grandiose scale. He talks big and achieves little. Rarely does he attain the objective he sets out to reach.

Never in world history has there been such a flood of grand folk as engulfs the world to-day. Hitler, the "superman," the "dictator of the planet," talks arrogantly of 1,000 years of the "New Order" with the German jackboot crushing the hopes and happiness of enslaved nations.

In Tokyo the little yellow men talk of a conquered Asia—an Asia and Australasia to be exploited for the benefit of Japan.

Mussolini, once the biggest talker of them all, doesn't say much these days. His ranting mouth has let him down so often that he's learning the virtue of silence.

* * *

In the democratic countries, too, we have our grand talkers. Their talk is different from the Axis splutterings. It is grand talk in the true sense of the word. It is talk of the rights of man, of fundamental things like liberty and justice, economic security, fair play in industry.

And it is also talk of a new order, not a society such as Hitler dreams of, based on conquest, supported by force and bolstered with brutality, but a new conception of living.

Grand talk, but it's still only talk which some of us may never see transformed into deeds.

There should be a society to save us from the talkers and the meddlers. For instance, there is the Church Peace Union, a Carnegie Foundation group which has announced from Atlantic City, New Jersey, its intention to organise a religious expeditionary force to rehabilitate all countries desecrated by the war.

The major function of this religious expeditionary force will be to reconstitute normal living conditions throughout the world after the war is over.

The Union is modest enough to recognise the formidable nature of its self-appointed mission.

"The task," it says, "will be the most gigantic mankind has ever undertaken. The post-war project will be non-sectarian, and the first concrete action will come through a world conference of all religious leaders as early as possible."

* * *

Oh, the sublime irony of it all: the calm assumption that organised religion can put the world right again, the stupid belief that fashionable preachers and dreamy divines can heal the wounds with which the post-war nations will be stricken.

For centuries the Church, wielding temporal as well as spiritual power, ranged itself on the side of the big battalions, passed by on the other side when social injustice came its way, ignored misery and suffering, tolerated privilege and upheld class distinction.

To-day some men in the Church, bigger than the things they stand for, see the light of social revolution. They realise that the old ways of life and living were bad ways, and that a Church unable or unwilling to play its part in establishing new ways is unworthy and unwanted.

The Church has failed in the past. And one thing seems certain of the future—the world will have no time for failures, especially those failures who would step in where angels fear to tread.

★ *Our ceaseless struggle with the U-boats on our sea lifelines has to go on in secrecy, but now and again it is possible to lift the veil a little and reveal how big and daring a job it is.*

Battle of the U-Boat Graveyard

This is one of the U-boats forced to the surface by the bombs of a Sunderland flying boat

SMILING grimly, the Squadron-Leader looks at the Chart of U-Boat tombs.

Five and a half million square miles it covers. And over them now ever more densely sweep the R.A.F.'s longest arm. Eleven times farther than it stretched, thinly, when I previously visited Coastal Command H.Q. early in the war.

Symbols indicating U-boats sunk or damaged show the graveyards, and best-filled of them all is the Bay of Biscay.

The Biscay Patrol, who scour the Bay for growing foe on much the same intensive pattern as a gardener cuts a lawn, have hounded the convoy-hunters from the eastern Atlantic and made their sneaking passage to the west so hazardous that the *Luftwaffe* have been forced to give them air protection

A first-class Battle of the Bay has begun. As latest proof of their anxiety the Germans are throwing in the slow but very heavily armoured shore-based Arado 196 float-planes.

Coastal Command is answering by adding Beaufighters, most heavily armed aircraft in the world, to their formidable fleet of Sunderlands, Wellingtons, Whitleys, Beauforts, Hudsons, Hampdens, Fortresses, Liberators and Catalinas—a far cry from the days when Hudsons bore the brunt almost alone.

Beaufighters are mostly "night birds," most famous craft of the "cat's eye" men. That may infer that the dawn-to-dusk patrol is being carried into the dusk-to-dawn hours.

In the Dark

It is at night that the U-boats, sneaking out of their holes at St. Nazaire, Lorient and Bordeaux, prefer to surface to recharge their batteries, as they must do for four to five hours in every twenty-four.

On bright nights a conning-tower, or even the feather of a periscope in a moonbeam, are visible to vigilant eyes scanning the sea from the air.

Somewhere in these waters, night or day, the convoy-hunters must surface in running the gauntlet of the Biscay Patrols.

Going out or coming home, one in every three U-boats probably suffers attack in this, their deadliest battle-ground of the Atlantic.

How remarkable is that percentage you can judge for yourself by measuring the time the Biscay boys have to run down a sighted but watchful quarry.

Call to Action

"Count twenty-five seconds as your watch ticks them away. They're almost gone before you can say Jack Robinson," was how a pilot impressed it on me.

"Yet in twenty-five seconds a U-boat can crash-dive till no part of it is visible above water.

"So don't think we're crazy if more than once a whale or a shark may have felt the force of a bomb or a depth-charge!

"A whale sometimes leaves an oil trail and a shark's fin a feather that at distant glance is easily mistaken for what we're after, and we've no time to miss chances.

"At first sight of what looks like our prey I press a button on the dashboard which sounds a klaxon throughout the aircraft—a call to action stations.

"Whether the sounds are dots or dashes distinguishes the sighting of a submarine from spotting a hostile aircraft.

"If the target is crash-diving with its tail disappearing in the swirl, I've probably gone in a flash into a tight turn in order to swoop dead on, our front guns at the ready.

"I make swift calculations with the aid of a stop-watch as to the distance the enemy will travel under water in the few seconds before I'm over the spot and drop bombs or depth-charges on him.

"My chance is greater with a depth-charge because aim is more accurate, as I can attack almost at water's level.

"Of every detail photographs are taken."

All this, against a quick crash-diver, in those twenty-five seconds!

If the U-boat is hit usually oil bubbles or the boat itself blow up to the surface.

By JOHN CASHEL

They tell a lot when the attacking crew, as they all do, visit Coastal Command H.Q. as soon as possible afterwards and go through a close quiz.

From all the details this officer knows in a minute if the signs of sinking or damage are real, or are faked by the quarry to fox its pursuer.

Coastal Command have carried out well over four hundred attacks on U-boats, and certain knowledge of losses and damage is much more indisputable than Dr. Goebbels would have us believe.

A pilot officer of the Australians' crack Sunderland squadron has the best story to tell so far.

His aircraft looked easy game to three Arado attackers. They closed repeatedly from astern and port, loosing first cannon and then machine-gun fire.

At the height of the combat he sighted the U-boat, but couldn't attack it because just then the three Arados were on his tail.

His rear-gunner put a long burst into the belly of one and it crashed into the sea. A second, hard hit, bounced on the water and limped away. The third turned tail.

The Australians escaped without a scratch.

A mixed English and New Zealand crew of a Hampden, who outfought two Focke-Wulf 190's, weren't so lucky.

Stuck to Gun

One cannon shell smashed the wireless operator's right knee, but he stuck to his machine-gun throughout. Another wounded the navigator. Over fifty in all holed the Hampden.

Many were aimed at the rear-gunner, an English boy, whose New Zealand captain told me: "He was incredibly cool as he answered their cannon stuff, and kept telling me how to fly to keep them in his line of fire."

Two of those Biscay boys went home to hospital. Two of the *Luftwaffe's* newest and best fighters, riddled by many hits, turned for home, one with smoke pouring from its engine.

I could tell many similar fighting cameos of the Battle of Biscay, which has driven the U-boats to the safer hunting grounds of the western Atlantic where practice in hounding them down and developing the convoy system have not yet caught up with experience on this side.

When successful survivors return they run the Biscay gauntlet again, or, if they choose to make the North-west passage to Germany between the Shetlands and Iceland, they run into graveyard number two.

Just as the Biscay Patrol aids our American ally, the Iceland Patrol helps in protecting supplies bound for Russia.

It affords a good example of combined operations. U.S. naval aircraft fly with ours, using the same stations and intelligence officers. A Norwegian squadron operates with them.

80 degrees of Frost

This three-nation patrol fights a weather as well as a U-boat battle.

At most times mists and fogs are the ally of their foe. In winter they have only four or five hours of daylight, in midsummer perpetual daylight.

Their Met. Flight charts icefloes, icebergs and other weather conditions all the way to the Greenland coast and northwards well into the Arctic.

Here at times they experience over 80 degrees of outside frost, the only compensation being that it is too cold for their Hudsons and Catalinas to ice-up. It was one of them that first spotted the *Bismarck*.

Something similar in freezing quality in winter is the lot of what their crews have christened the Brass Monkey Patrol.

They make the long and hazardous patrols to north Norway "as and when required," and spend more time in blizzards than in the limelight.

Between them these three major Atlantic patrols and others of Coastal Command have flown over 50,000,000 miles. Naval and R.A.F. experts estimate they are saving 156,000 tons of shipping a month.

Just now the hot-spot is the Bay of Biscay. The hotter it grows the more the Germans are worried about winning the decisive Battle of the Atlantic!

HITLER'S CHIEF WOMAN SPY IS BUSY AGAIN

THE most poisonous of Hitler's women spies has been sent to Turkey.

She is Edith von Kohler, and she has been sent to reinforce the agents of von Papen, the German Ambassador in Ankara. Her task is to synchronise Fifth Column, propaganda and espionage activities with von Bock's push in the Caucasus, with Rommel's attempt to reach Suez and with the threat from German troops at the Bulgarian frontier of Turkey.

Edith von Kohler is a wicked and efficient agent. It would be wise not to underrate her cunning, her unscrupulous, treacherous methods.

But do not think that, like the spies of Hollywood, she is exceptionally beautiful. To meet her you would think that she is a middle-aged secretary, engrossed in administrative work of some kind.

Edith von Kohler, now let loose on Turkey, was largely responsible for the downfall of Rumania.

★ ★ ★

Himmler, her cousin, set her up as representative of a German brewery in Bucharest, but at her house parties it was champagne, not beer, with which she intoxicated young Rumanian officials and diplomats into betraying their country's greatest secrets to her.

It was a long time before the authorities realised the sinister background of these parties.

Then it was too late.

She had penetrated to the highest military and political circles and became almost as important and influential in Rumania's life as Madame Lupescu, the King's friend, used to be.

In the battle of wits between the two women — Madame Lupescu trying to preserve Rumania for her royal friend, Edith von Kohler determined to conquer it for Himmler and Hitler—the Nazi agent won.

In her little office she brushed aside the accounts and files of her brewery business and concentrated on reports which were pouring in from her sub-agents.

Her business letters to Berlin are said to have been masterpieces of code-work. If she wrote about "a hundred barrels of beer" it meant "arms for the Iron Guard," and if she presented a bill for a new delivery she quickly received ample funds for her lavish entertainment.

★ ★ ★

As soon as Rumania fell to Hitler Edith von Kohler handed over to Manfred von Killinger, the terrorist, who is now Hitler's envoy in Bucharest. She took a short rest, but soon began to acquaint herself with Turkish affairs.

Now the time has come when she will try to strangle Turkey as she has strangled Rumania. But the Turks have been warned. And they have no intention of letting Edith von Kohler get away with it this time.

AUGUST 22, 1942

UNITED NATIONS MUST SAVE INDIA

★ How vital India is in our struggle to smash the Axis and all it threatens to the world's freedom is startlingly emphasised in this forceful article. That is why its fate must be the concern of every one of the United Nations.

By A. G. GARDINER

IF India were lost, the war would be lost. Look at the map. Imagine that Japan has conquered India as she has conquered Eastern Asia to the borders of India.

What follows? The two limbs of the Axis would be joined up in the Middle East. China would be stabbed in the back. Russia would be stabbed in the back.

The Indian Ocean would be in the possession of the enemy. The whole eastern seaboard of Africa from the Cape to the Red Sea would be vulnerable. In a word, the fate of India involves the fate of the world.

It is necessary to realise this if we are to understand the gravity of the crisis in India. We have played with that crisis too long. It is the handicap of civilised powers in war that they temporise while the barbarians butcher.

IF HITLER OR TOJO HAD BEEN IN OUR PLACE THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO CRISIS IN INDIA. THE POOR MUDDLE-HEADED GANDHI, THE FANATICAL NEHRU AND THE ANARCHICAL CONGRESS WOULD HAVE BEEN IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS LONG AGO.

Not in concentration camps where they would be treated as amiable but misguided guests, and enjoy the rôle of "martyrs" in luxury.

No; but in concentration camps from which, like myriads of others, they would never emerge again except as ashes in an urn.

There must be no going back on the step now so belatedly taken. If the liberties of the world are to be saved, if India is to be preserved from anarchy, the Indian Congress must be put in cold storage to the end of the war.

It must be frankly recognised as an ally of the enemy. It has so been hailed in Berlin and Tokyo. It has so proved itself by its refusal of the Cripps scheme, by its deliberate decision to plunge India in chaos while the enemy is at its gates, by the discovery that Gandhi in secret has declared his decision of "negotiating" with Japan.

"Negotiating" with Japan! Poor simpleton! Does the rabbit "negotiate" with the cobra?

★ ★ ★

What is to be said of the honesty of men who in one breath say: "Get out of India at once and leave it to us," and in the next, "But leave the Anglo-American army behind to keep Japan out?"

Who assert their sympathy with the United Nations and propose to begin by grovelling to Japan?

Who proclaim their devotion to China and Russia, admit, as Gandhi does, that "the coming in of Japan will mean the end of China and perhaps of Russia too," and yet propose to organise such anarchy in India that Japan will be able to walk in unopposed?

Who profess, as Gandhi does, sincere friendship for Great Britain and a desire to "pull her out of a ditch" into which she is in danger of falling, and then declare, as Nehru does, that Britain is "in full enmity with the India people and with the Indian demand for freedom?"

Was there ever such divorce from realities, such infantile confusion of mind, such conflict between word and deed? Are these the men to whom we can leave the fate of India and the destinies of the world?

It is those destinies that are in the balance. If we do not win this war it is not India only that will share the fate of China, the East Indies, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Poland, and the rest.

The whole human race will be the victims of the Gestapo and the Black Dragon.

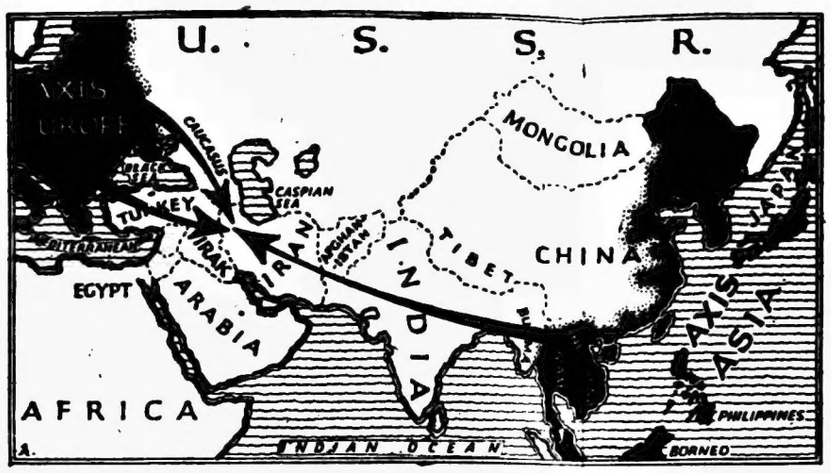
Freedom will perish from the earth. Civilisation will perish from the earth. Not for generations, but for centuries.

For remember the blue prints of Hitler and Tojo have this in common: the centralisation of all mechanical power in their own hands.

With that monopoly their despotism of brute force will be clamped on the liberties of men in an irremovable vice. We shall be slave people spiritually entombed, without hope of rescue.

There will be no war of liberation, for all the weapons will be in the hands of our gaolers. The only war that will remain to be fought will be that to decide whether the Gestapo or the Black Dragon is to be the sole tyrant of the earth.

This is no nightmare of fantasy. It is the grim, matter-of-fact issue of this war.



That issue, as I have said, depends upon the defence or conquest of India as much as upon any phase of the struggle. India is the central pillar of our strategy.

IF IT HOLDS ALL WILL HOLD. IF IT SHOULD FALL THE REPERCUSSION WOULD SHATTER CHINA, MIGHT WELL TURN THE SCALES AGAINST RUSSIA, AND WOULD GO FAR TO DECIDE THAT MIGHTY CLASH TOWARDS WHICH EVENTS ARE MOVING IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

In view of this the defence of India is not merely an Indian question. It is that first and foremost, of course.

The enslavement of 400 million Indians would be a cosmic tragedy. Added to the enslavement of 400 million Chinese, it would give Japan such a preponderance of the manpower of the world that no other combination, not even that of a triumphant Hitler, could stand against it. Not the Gestapo but the Black Dragon would inherit the earth.

It follows, therefore, that the defence of India is much more than an Indian question. It is a question that involves the fate of every nation and every continent on the globe—European, Asiatic, American, African.

In this perspective the antics of Gandhi and the Indian Congress are seen in their true dimensions. They must be suppressed with a ruthless hand.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DEFENDING THE LIBERTIES OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE IS A PART OF THAT LARGER RESPONSIBILITY WHICH HAS FALLEN UPON THE UNITED NATIONS OF DEFENDING THE FREEDOM OF MANKIND THE WORLD OVER.

No quislings or Fifth Columnists must be permitted to imperil the fulfilment of that responsibility.

There is no question of neutrality here. Those who are not with us are against us.

Those who preach anarchy in India are not the enemies of India only. They are the enemies of the human race. They must be dealt with as such.

★ ★ ★

And do not let us fear that firmness in this great moment will be unwelcome in India. It will be welcome.

The mass of the Indian people do not want anarchy. They do not want to suffer the fate of China.

They do not want to swop the just and liberal rule which has given their country an internal peace and a freedom from external attack that no other country in the world has enjoyed in equal measure during a century and a half, for the slavery that would be their lot under Japan.

They have the measure of the Indian Congress. They know that it is simply a party concern that no more represents the total mind of India than any other party faction.

It is repudiated by the Moslem world of India. It is repudiated by millions of the Untouchables. It is repudiated by the most responsible leaders of the Hindu community. It is a ramp which has thrived on the liberal system it abuses and seeks to overthrow.

Finally, the Indian people know the facts. They know that India has been offered a constitutional freedom as complete as that of any self-governing part of the British Commonwealth or of any self-governing community in the world.

THEY HAVE SEEN THAT OFFER REFUSED BY THE CONGRESS. THEY HAVE SEEN THE ALTERNATIVE WHICH THE DEEDS OF THE CONGRESS PROPOSE—INTERNAL CHAOS AND A MUFFLED INVITATION TO JAPAN TO COME IN AND PLUNDER THE LAND.

WITH SUCH A CHOICE BEFORE THEM WE HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR THE DECISION OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE.

With the Congress in cold storage they will rally to the cause of the United Nations for the defence of their land against the barbarians.

Our Raids are Burying Krupps & Co.

MOST people now know the story of how Hitler, then a tub-thumping agitator, entered the headquarters of the German Association of Heavy Industries in Duesseldorf in 1921 and gazed admiringly at a huge relief map depicting a future Germany, bigger than America, wealthier than Great Britain.

★ ★ ★

This map became the strategical guide for the Nazi war of world conquest. It is no accident that the men who designed it hardly two years after the defeat of Germany in the last war, and first exhibited it in Duesseldorf, were Hitler's earliest supporters, became his financiers and industrial backers. They are now his manufacturers of arms and munitions.

Remember this whenever a British bomber force destroys another factory in the Ruhr or the Rhineland. You will soon realise that the destruction of the Ruhr is not only a means of winning the war, but a vital contribution towards winning the peace.

Bombs on the Ruhr not only hit the giant muscle of Germany's war machine. They are also destroying the seat of the brain which has produced the weapons for this war—the industrial stronghold of Imperialist Germany.

The names associated with the Ruhr and the Rhineland have an evil ring in the Western World. Krupp, of Essen, whose factories are a popular target of the R.A.F. His firm produced the Big Berthas of the last war, and is now turning out the giant guns which are sporadically shelling Dover.

In the period of German disarmament Krupps devised machinery which could be switched from the production of industrial implements to guns within a week.

Krupp or his successors will not succeed with a similar trick ever again. The R.A.F. will see to it that his factories are razed to the ground long before the war is over.

★ ★ ★

Near-by at Muehlheim is the cradle of Stinnes' industrial Empire which, after his death, served Hitler under the name of United Steel and Iron Works.

This vast concern not only produced the weapons of war. It propagated war by financing numerous newspapers and semi-military clubs.

There will, we hope, be little of Muehlheim left when the R.A.F. has finished with it, and it will be many decades before the rulers of Muehlheim find their breath again.

One could add many other names like Thyssen, the Ruhr and Rhineland magnate who so frankly described how he paid Hitler. Then there are Haniel, the German inland-shipping king of Duisburg, Kloecker or Kirchdorf, the early industrial pan-German warmonger, and Mannesmann, who produced the biggest gun-barrels.

★ ★ ★

These names represent families whom history will find as responsible for this war as the less refined gangsters of Hitler's immediate entourage. Yet their power is already being broken by the constant bombardment of the Ruhr. Their factories will never produce arms again.

Yes, youthful pilots and bomber crews of the R.A.F. are already solving a vital problem of the peace more thoroughly than any peace terms could do it.

VE INDIA

nation and every continent on the globe—European, Asiatic, American, African.

In this perspective the antics of Gandhi and the Indian Congress are seen in their true dimensions. They must be suppressed with a ruthless hand.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DEFENDING THE LIBERTIES OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE IS A PART OF THAT LARGER RESPONSIBILITY WHICH HAS FALLEN UPON THE UNITED NATIONS OF DEFENDING THE FREEDOM OF MANKIND THE WORLD OVER.

No quislings or Fifth Columnists must be permitted to imperil the fulfilment of that responsibility.

There is no question of neutrality here. Those who are not with us are against us.

Those who preach anarchy in India are not the enemies of India only. They are the enemies of the human race. They must be dealt with as such.

★ ★ ★

And do not let us fear that firmness in this great moment will be unwelcome in India. It will be welcome.

The mass of the Indian people do not want anarchy. They do not want to suffer the fate of China.

They do not want to swop the just and liberal rule which has given their country an internal peace and a freedom from external attack that no other country in the world has enjoyed in equal measure during a century and a half, for the slavery that would be their lot under Japan.

They have the measure of the Indian Congress. They know that it is simply a party concern that no more represents the total mind of India than any other party faction.

It is repudiated by the Moslem world of India. It is repudiated by millions of the Untouchables. It is repudiated by the most responsible leaders of the Hindu community. It is a ramp which has thrived on the liberal system it abuses and seeks to overthrow.

Finally, the Indian people know the facts. They know that India has been offered a constitutional freedom as complete as that of any self-governing part of the British Commonwealth or of any self-governing community in the world.

THEY HAVE SEEN THAT OFFER REFUSED BY THE CONGRESS. THEY HAVE SEEN THE ALTERNATIVE WHICH THE DEEDS OF THE CONGRESS PROPOSE—INTERNAL CHAOS AND A MUFFLED INVITATION TO JAPAN TO COME IN AND PLUNDER THE LAND.

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★ While we discuss the likely zero hour of the new front in Europe, Hitler is already in the throes of it—not the clash of armour that is battle to-day, but the ominous surge of enslaved people taking desperate risks to sabotage the hated invaders and getting ready to fight again

Behind Hitler's Second Front

"THEY have taken my husband away!" mumbled a frightened, weary, little French housewife as she stood waiting for her small rations in front of a nearly empty Paris shop.

Those near her in the queue whispered consolation. Almost every woman there had a similar experience.

One told of her brother who had been sent to forced labour in Germany. There had been a search in the flat of another and her Socialist son had gone into hiding. A *Gestapo* man had called at several flats in the street. . . .

The voices in the crowd grew louder and more excited. Men joined in the conversation. There was fury and hatred in their eyes as a big, black car, a smart limousine, went by. The people could just recognise the German army uniform of the occupant, the sneer on a Prussian face. A shout went up from a hundred lips:

"Boche, d—— Boche!"

Somebody hurled a stone, and it crashed through the window. A shot rang out, the sound of police-whistles cut through the air and the crowd surged forward, rushing, falling, already fighting heavily armed police who had appeared from behind the corner.

A few minutes later a dozen or more heroic French were taken away to prison, to death.

The Norwegians, smarting under Nazi brutality, had a glimpse of freedom when our Commandoes rounded up some of Hitler's thugs

It happens in Paris almost every day. Every day hundreds of French patriots, Socialists, Communists are sent away to concentration camps, to *Gestapo* prisons. Nazi execution squads work overtime.

Black Guard Terror

Machine-gun nests have been set up in the streets. All police leave has been stopped. The notorious gangsters of Hitler's own S.S. Black Guard regiment, *Leibstandarte*, are now garrisoned in France.

After two years of armistice, the Nazis are fighting the French again. Murder and persecution are reaching new peak dimensions. There is a method in the mad terror.

What does it mean?

France is not the only country. French men and women are not the only victims of the suddenly increased terrorism. The new campaign covers the whole of Western Europe behind the long coastline from the North of Norway to the Bay of Biscay. It is part and parcel of Hitler's defence measures against invasion.

The Nazis now seem to have little doubt that it will be opened somewhere along the Continental coast. Yet, even if you believe Hitler's boasts that the Continent has been made impregnable, compare them with the frantic measures in occupied countries which alone amount to an admission that all's not well.

Battlefields Again

Hitler fears the people in the Western territories which may become battlefields again. He is fighting them tooth and nail. The battle of France is on again and Hitler's favourite French quisling, De Brinon, has already threatened the French people with death and destruction if they aid an Allied invasion army.

But death and destruction are the lot of the French people, anyway, if Hitler has his wish. Significantly the same terrorists who have tried to destroy the Polish nation in the last three years are at work in France, which in Hitler's new plans, is to become the Poland of the West.

Plans in Holland show a similar pattern. This territory, too, is a potential battlefield, and *Luftwaffe* General Christianson, commander of the army of occupation, has repeated De Brinon's warning to the Dutch people.

In the meantime, Hitler proceeds with a truly Satanic plan. He proposes to rob the Dutch people of their own country. He wants the Dutch Atlantic seaboard, the harbours and trade centres of Holland for himself.

Cunningly he calls the Dutch people the Germanic brothers of the German race. But what does he want to do to his "Germanic brothers"? He wants to make them a gift of a colony. Beware Hitler if he makes gifts!

The facts are that Hitler plans to deport three million Dutchmen for the time being, the whole of the Dutch people later on. He is "giving" them the barren, battle-scarred, unhealthy, uncivilised countryside of Eastern Poland and Western Russia where disease is raging in the wake of war, where the land has been stripped bare, villages and towns destroyed, the earth scorched by heroic Russians.

Into this modern hell on earth the Nazis want to settle Dutch farmers. That is his gift to Holland: mass-deportation, almost certain death from disease and starvation. And Holland, beautiful, industrialised, fertile and strategically important, focal point of world-trade once and sure to be again, is to become part of Hitler's Germany!

The Dutch can see through this wicked scheme. Is it surprising, then, that more than any other Continental people they are looking westwards from where liberation will come? Hitler knows how they feel and he fears them. That is why terror increases as the prospect of a battlefront in Holland approaches.

Turn your eyes farther north, towards Norway, whose people have already felt a touch of freedom when British raiders challenged the Nazis at Vaagoe and the Lofoten islands.

What use are the fortifications of the so-called Falkenhorst-Line, Hitler's defence works against a new Front, if patriotic Norwegians gather to rush them from the rear?

That is why Norway's trade union leaders are being killed off by the dozen, why hundreds of Norwegian teachers must linger in labour camps.

Hitler knows that he cannot cow the whole Norwegian people and tries to deprive them of their intellectual leaders. Every Norwegian who seems capable of organising resistance to coincide with an allied invasion is on the Nazi list, marked down for imprisonment, torture or death.

It is a nasty picture which we see behind Hitler's Front in Norway. But it is brightened by the flashes of the unbroken spirit of the mass of the people.

Their bishops, led by Bergrav, still defy the conquerors. Their quislings go in fear of their lives. German occupation troops are popular targets for patriotic snipers at night.

Waiting Eagerly

Norway, vulnerable to frontal military assault, is throwing its arms wide open to receive the troops of the United Nations.

And Hitler is not happy about little Denmark, either. The Nazi Press warns and threatens the King, the government, the people. Do they still not understand the New Order? they ask.

Of course the Danish people understand its meaning. It has brought starvation to Europe's richest agricultural country. An egg, in what was the land of millions of poultry, has become a rarity. There is little bread, not to speak of butter, of which Denmark used to export thousands of tons. The locusts of the New Order have taken it all.

And Belgium? Belgian patriots have already begun the fight on Hitler's new Front. They have proved themselves skilled wreckers and saboteurs.

Miserable Quislings

They are obstinate, cunning and ingenious in their refusal to collaborate.

For months now the sister of the Belgian traitor, Degrelle, has tried in vain to engage a servant. What Belgian would serve the Nazis or their stooges? It's a small case but a significant one.

Hitler knows what the attitude of the Belgian people will be when war comes to their country again. They want it this time, they expect it and they will fight to repay two stabs in the back within a quarter of a century.

Watch the people behind Hitler's new front line! He fears them and wants to destroy them. But he won't have time to do so. His nightmare will turn into reality. All Europe will be his new Front!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILD'S COMMENTS

BIG MEN CONTROL DOCK THEFTS

DOCK thefts are increasing on a scale that is akin to sabotage.

Valuable foodstuffs—meat, bacon, ham, sugar, grain, margarine, cheese—are disappearing in growing quantities.

Brought to this country by our brave sailors, they are stolen at the docks by despicable agents of Black Market speculators.

"The country at war is being stabbed in the back," is Mr. Justice Wrottesley's estimate of the scandal.

Small Fry Caught

All the big docks are involved, and at Liverpool alone an increase of over 200 per cent. is recorded in this form of crime.

There have been prosecutions and convictions, of course, but it is usually the underlings who are caught.

It is suspected that stolen food is smuggled on barges used for ordinary transport — and then unloaded at secret "hide-outs"

The real organisers—the Black Market speculators—remain well in the background.

By a system of bribery "key men" are established inside a dock, someone who is employed, say, as a checker, and who is willing, for a consideration, to issue false certificates to pass stolen cargoes through the dock gates.

In some cases investigated by the Ministry of Food it has been found that dozens of carcases have thus been stolen from the cargo of a single meat ship.

How is it done? A lorry, sent to collect a legitimate consignment, is driven by a man who is in collusion with the gang. It is loaded with goods considerably in excess of those listed in the checker's certificate.

Once clear of the docks the driver deposits the stolen meat at a secret depot before going on to deliver his orthodox load at its destination.

So many extra dock workers have had to be taken on during the war that it is hard to keep out the black sheep who form ready and willing tools of the conspirators.

In one investigation recently detectives themselves worked as dock hands in order to keep observation.

As a result it was found that over 2,000 carcases of lamb and beef, valued at £5,070, were being stolen from the cargoes of five refrigerator ships.

In Their Toils

A widespread conspiracy was uncovered. Many people involved in it could not be charged, but three men—including a Government supervisor—were duly sentenced.

No doubt some men are drawn into the racket against their better judgment, for the conspirators have a sinister way of getting people into their toils.

One butcher, for example, began by buying the carcase which a vanman told him appeared to be surplus. He said he must have been overloaded and didn't want the bother of going all the way back.

So the tradesman took it off his hands. A few days later the same thing happened.

When he was approached a third time the butcher thought better of it. He said he would prefer not to take any more "surplus"; but he was told that he was "in it" now and had better not quit. So he went on buying, and ultimately landed in jail. The "organisers" who had drawn him into their web escaped.

Serious Position

It has been alleged that the overloading trick has been worked at London docks where cargoes of grain have been handled. "Surplus" grain, it is stated, has been disposed of secretly.

In one case which recently came before the Recorder of London at the Old Bailey a detective-inspector declared:

"The position at the docks is very bad. Employees of the Port of London Authority and weighmen at the docks have been conspiring to 'arrange' weighing machines and put extra grain into barges."

So far there have been no convictions, it seems, but I sincerely trust that the whole matter will be probed vigorously.

Individual thefts, as Mr. Bernard Campion, K.C., the Tower Bridge magistrate, stressed recently, are being carried out on a "wholesale scale" in dock areas.

Only last week two Port of London Authority constables, both arrested while in uniform and on duty, were sent to prison for receiving goods stolen at the docks.

One had been a dock constable for 21 years!

I understand that when Parliament reassembles a question is to be asked about dock thefts generally. The problem is one which certainly must not be allowed to develop unchecked.

Enquire First

CONCERNS which offer to help unknown authors and lyric-writers on the road to fame and fortune appear to be even busier than they were before the war.

One about which I am receiving inquiries is Lawrence Goldwin and Knight, of Downsview Avenue, Woodingdean, Brighton. Its operations are most varied.

They include promises of free publication of songs and lyrics, the free advertisements of bandleaders who "push" songs on their behalf, and the running of a club, which, it is stated, arranges to supply "hit" numbers.

One man who saw an advertisement appealing to song writers to send in lyrics for "free publication," was at once asked for a fee for the setting of his words to music.

* * *

A reader who conducts a band at local dances sent £2 several weeks ago for some of the club's latest "hit" numbers, but he says he can't get much satisfaction.

Another bandleader, told that he would be paid a royalty of 2½d. on every sheet of music sold, says he was expected to tout copies himself at a commission of 2d. a copy.

I can only repeat the advice I have constantly given, which is that readers interested should make inquiries before parting with money—not afterwards, as so many do.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A Kentish reader, who desires to remain anonymous, receives this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Please write to me about anything needing inquiry. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AND MEAN ROBBERS IN FACTORIES

SOMETHING must be done, too, to curb the growing pilfering of goods in war factories.

I am constantly hearing from readers on this subject, and one writes to tell me about thefts which have been going on, undetected, for two and a half years in the ordnance establishment at which he works.

I am taking steps to see that the allegations he makes are properly probed. He says that the total deficiencies over the period concerned would equip an infantry division!

Electrical components have been regularly taken from one war factory.

* * *

In one section of another factory in which fire mechanism for guns was made, electric motors were missed on such a scale that the management grew worried enough to call in the police. Then the thefts stopped!

In the rush and bustle of war production, thefts are often very easy to carry out. And stocktakings, for the same reason, are not always conducted with the care and thoroughness needed.

A general tightening up is clearly desirable when five separate cases of petty pilfering in a war factory were recently dealt with in one police court in one single day!

LOST SOLDIER TRICK

WIVES and mothers of Service men should not give either shelter or money to strangers who claim friendship with relatives in the Forces until they have proved their integrity.

Scotland Yard has received complaints about several impostors who obtain particulars of missing soldiers, sailors or airmen, visit their relatives, and tell some lying story about their being alive and well.

* * *

One of the rogues has used nearly a score of aliases, and is an accomplished crook who has been sent to prison.

He stayed recently with one Croydon family for several days, and finally disappeared with money and valuables worth over £80.

SWAFFER ASKS . . .

WHY SO MANY NEW BADGES?

● Many people are surprised to see soldiers of all units wearing a multiplicity of coloured badges, emblems, stars, stripes and chevrons.

You can count almost hundreds of different devices at any busy terminus. Some men wear two or three different markings on their shoulders, arms and cuffs.

Many wonder what they all mean.

In the last war there were merely a few. But then the Army was not what it is to-day—a highly skilled force, with men who have been trained in all kinds of expert jobs.

That is why, wearing these badges, soldiers look more or less like Boy Scouts.

You may not understand the meaning of the markings; but they mean something to everyone who should know.

ARE WE MAKING THE U.S. TROOPS AT HOME?

● Gradually the methods of finding entertainment for the American troops, always growing in number over here, are being improved. Groups are being formed for the purpose.

But what is wanted is more of the personal touch.

The United Dairies have shown an example by asking the heads of the American milk industry to put them in touch with any of their employees serving here, so that they may be offered hospitality by people of their own calling.

More of this is necessary.

What our visitors want chiefly is home life. If Methodists asked the Methodists to visit them, if chemists invited American chemists in the Army, and if artists made similar gestures, it would all become more personal and less what seems artificial.

"Ask our visitors home," should be the rule. "Show them how we do what they themselves did in peace time."

HOW CAN WE AVOID JERRY-BUILDING?

● The post-war demand for houses will dwarf that of 1918. We know what happened then—jerry-building on a big scale.

I am asked if this cannot be prevented when next peace comes.

Lord Portal's plans, begun by Lord Reith in the Ministry of Works and Buildings, are now well advanced. They include town planning and the location of industries, and are intended to ensure that comfortable homes of good design shall be built and that factories shall not mar the countryside.

The extent to which these schemes can be implemented will depend largely on what kind of Government is returned in a post-war election.

A modern one will enforce these plans in every detail. A weak Cabinet might give in to builders in the interests of private ownerships.

That means that it is up to you.

"JOHN BULL" SHORT STORY

KEEP 'EM LAUGHING

BY WILL SCOTT

"All this cheer up and smile piffle" grunted the fat man.

"I BELIEVE," said the little man, "in being bright."

The rest of them in the railway carriage looked up over their papers and frowned.

"Keep 'em laughing," the little man added.

The frowns got if anything, deeper, but nobody spoke.

"Put it another way," said the little man: "there's too much misery in the world to-day. Anybody who can keep 'em laughing is doing a work of national importance. Nay, more; a work of international importance. Don't you think so?"

They can't have done, because nobody said so; nobody spoke at all.

The small boy in the corner looked as if he would have liked to speak, but his father had the sort of face which discourages speech from small boys. Therefore, this small boy said nothing.

"So," said the little man, as if summing up from a bench, "I keep 'em laughing. Believing, as I do, in being bright."

An admirable philosophy, no doubt, but nobody in the carriage was laughing. In fact, they were farther from laughter than they were when the little man first spoke, and they had seemed then as far away as seemed possible.

Suddenly a fat man threw aside his newspaper and let out a great snort.

"Lot of damned nonsense!" he said.

"I beg your pardon?" said the little man.

"All this cheer up and smile piffle!" grunted the fat man. "You don't smile because you're told to. You can't go about with a grin on your face because there's a Government order to that effect."

"I didn't mean tell 'em," said the little man. "I didn't mean make 'em. You can get 'em to brighten up, you know."

"Lot of damned nonsense!" said the fat man.

"Hear, hear!" said a man in glasses.

And the small boy's father sniffed heartily and filled his pipe.

"These," said the fat man, "are not amusing times."

"I'll say!" echoed the man in glasses.

"Only a nation of raving lunatics," said the small boy's father, "would go about tittering in times like these."

And the rest of the carriage agreed.

"No doubt," said the man in glasses, pointing a nasty finger at the little man, "you're doing pretty well out of this war."

"OH yes," the little man confessed.

"There you are!" said the man in glasses. "But let me tell you that some of us are doing pretty badly. Some of us are 50 per cent. down on pre-war business."

"Some of us," said the fat man, "are 75 per cent. down."

"I know," agreed the little man.

"If you're doing well out of the war you can't know," said the small boy's father. "You're not capable of understanding."

"Ah, but you see," said the little man, "I'm only doing well out of the war *now*. For the first two years it put me right out. Ruined me. Not 50 per cent. Not 75 per cent. A hundred per cent. I was finished. Or it looked like that."

"Oh!"

"But I looked on the bright side," added the little man. "I always do look on the bright side. It helps so."

The fat man let out another great snort.

"What was your line?" he asked, to get the little man away from talking about being bright and breezy.

"I had rather an odd job," said the little man.

"Well?"

"Well, you know these worm-holes in antique furniture?"

"Yes."

"That."

"How d'you mean—*that*?"

"That was my job—putting in the worm-holes."

"Putting in the worm-holes?"

"Yes. Putting worm-holes into new furniture to make it look like genuine antique. Why, after I've worked on a ten-bob chair for an hour or two it's many a time been worth ten quid."

"Well, I'm damned!" said the fat man.

"A very highly specialised and complicated job," said the little man. "I was a real expert in my own line. I got all the best work in London. Oh yes, my worm-holes were reckoned to be the best worm-holes in the business. Even with a glass on 'em you couldn't tell 'em from a real worm-hole. Even a worm couldn't. That's what I call being an artist."

"Well, I'm damned!" the fat man said again, being unable to think of anything fresh to say.

"Some of the finest antique furniture that ever reached Chicago passed through my hands," said the little man, proudly. "Genuine 1935. You'd have said it dated back to 1400 at least after I'd got my worm-holes into it."

"Well, I'm —— Really?" said the fat man.

"Oh, yes. But of course all that's over now. You can't sell antique furniture to-day."

"No. No, I suppose not."

"The market fell to bits and I was ruined. Absolutely flattened out and finished."

The man in glasses nodded his head violently, as if he was pleased to hear that bit.

"But you're doing all right now?" said the small boy's father.

"Doing splendidly now," said the little man, beaming brightly. "Oh yes, doing *very* well."

"New line?"

"Well. . . . Yes and No."

"H'm. How d'you mean?"

"Well, you can't exactly start a new line at my time of life. I'm sixty-five, you know. Of course, I don't look it, owing to always looking on the bright side and keeping cheerful and laughing, but I'm sixty-five all right. And you can't start a brand-new line when you're sixty-five. The young 'uns can do it, but not us. So I had to think pretty hard."

He smiled at each of them in turn.

"BUT with the antique furniture market dead——"

"Quite. So that I pretty nearly starved for a year. Until I got my bright idea. I could only, at my age, pour my old wine into a new bottle. It was a case of finding the new bottle. So I thought and thought and at last I found it. And I'm doing splendidly now."

Once more he beamed round the packed carriage, and then, leaning forward, said:

"I've cornered the whole market as far as the South of England is concerned. Working twenty hours a day."

"Doing *what?*" asked the man in glasses.

"Putting moth-holes into utility suits to make them look like genuine pre-war suiting," said the little man.

The man in glasses gasped. The fat man gasped. The mouth of the boy's father fell open. The train stopped.

"Bradford!" exclaimed the little man. "Ah! this is where I get out."

And went.

"Father," said the small boy, "why did he say Bradford? This is Wendover."

"Don't ask me!" said the small boy's father.

"Father," said the small boy, "why is everybody laughing?"

The small boy's father looked round the carriage. Everybody was laughing. He began to laugh too.

"Well, I'm damned!" said the fat man.

Human Machine

YOU CAN'T STAND STILL

It has been said before, but it won't hurt for being said again. "You can't stand still, mentally. If you don't go forward, you go backward."

No one has ever yet found out how to say: "I want to be just this fit, no more and no less. You can reach a goal, a standard of fitness; but you must then begin immediately to reach up for a higher one. If you don't—the steady slide begins!

Of course, most of us wake up every now and again to the fact that we've slipped a bit, and we hurriedly put matters right. The important thing is to watch for any little signs of slipping.

What signs? Well, little things, you know, mere trifles. Maybe a hint of untidiness. A loss of interest, perhaps, in people or in things—however slight.

Maybe we are increasingly "easy-going." They're all warnings that the backward slide has begun.

It's no light matter. It needs constant care and constant effort. Deterioration is a goblin "that'll git any of us" if we don't watch out!

FATE'S LITTLE JOKE

THE appearance on the world's stage of Mr. Henry J. Kaiser is a startling event.

He plans to build 5,000 monster 'planes in his American shipyards, capable of transporting half a million fully equipped men to England in a single day. Or, alternatively, seventy thousand tons of foodstuffs and materials.

Perhaps here is the "man with ideas" who will turn the war upside down and alter the whole look of it.

But it isn't because of his idea that I find his sudden appearance startling. It is because of his name.

Kaiser. . . .

A generation ago that name suggested something loathsome to us and our allies. Kaiser—Kaiser Bill—Wilhelm II.

★ ★ ★

It was a name so big and so significant that you would have said it had got itself into the history books for ever.

But now I wonder.

If this American with his idea turns the scales suddenly, surely *he* will be the Kaiser everyone will think of when they use the word.

Surely *he* will be the Kaiser in the thoughts of our great-great-grandchildren.

He will have become *the* Kaiser. And Wilhelm II will have become merely *a* Kaiser.

There is never room in history at one time for two giants of the same name.

If, in the late Fifteen Hundreds, a young man had been born with ambition *and* the name of Shakespeare, he must have known that there was nothing left for him but to give up trying.

★ ★ ★

If Wellington's name had been Henry J. Bonaparte that would have been the end of Napoleon.

And all memory of the Kaiser of the last generation will fade away if our Henry J. Kaiser turns out to be the winning Kaiser with his mammoth 'planes.

Fate often appears to sit up in the clouds somewhere serving out dirty tricks.

But I think of her laughing merrily at this prime joke of hers—this joke of sending on earth on *our* side a big man with a big idea . . . and the name of *Kaiser*.

I wish she would go the whole hog and blot out one more name. I wish she would send on earth, on our side, a great genius with another great idea . . . and the name of Henry J. Hitler. A. G.

TANK THRILLS

By MARK PRIESTLEY

They're boys with the pluck of tough men, these armoured Turpins

This War Has Its Dick Turpins

★ *Our patrols have been active during the last forty-eight hours. That frequent sentence in the terse official communiques from battle headquarters in the Egyptian desert hides some of the most dare-devil ventures imaginable.*

IN all the speed and surprise that follows the stagnant months there are no fighters faster or more venturesome than the boys who man the light tanks and armoured trucks of the long-range desert patrols.

From El Ageila to El Alamein, those amazing miles between Tripoli and Alexandria, they harass Rommel as he advances . . . and sting as he retreats.

Bob Dowling is typical of Britain's shadow legion. A five-bob-a-day corporal who used to work in a seaside garage and joined the Tank Corps because—in his own lusty phrasing—he "hates Hitler's guts." And a patrolsman who knows that upon his ability to thrust hard and deep, upon his individual initiative may hang the course of a battle.

He treats the desert as if it were the sea—and his tank a destroyer.

"Take offensive action everywhere you can!"—these were his orders.

Now the story can be told of how, one blazing day, Bob and his little force lay up in the dunes far to the south of Benghazi—scene of the great battle when twelve British tanks held up more than 100 German—and watched the enemy traffic busily skimming the road to Mersa Brega.

Just after dusk the stream of transports faltered. Then came a lone Italian Lancia lorry.

Swooping down from the sands the shadow fighters pounced on it.

The startled drivers breathed their last.

Then, through the desert night, the Lancia went on its way, headlights blazing, a convoy of armour following behind it.

Blaze of Bullets

From the other direction came a score of Italian lorries. Not one of the drivers guessed that the Lancia was in British hands—or that the darkened tanks and trucks behind were British.

Dowling and his kid soldiers were dare-devils. Occasionally, as they passed the Eyties, they greeted them with "Viva, viva!"

In all, in the next nine miles, they encountered 47 Axis lorries. Two had lagged a little behind their convoy. They were edged off the road in a blaze of bullets. Then they were overturned and left with petrol tanks holed, their wheels spinning.

And on went doughty Dowling, firing Very lights for the sake of maximum publicity, knowing that safety lay only in bluff and complete lack of concealment.

At midnight they boldly rode into Mersa Brega, where Rommel was believed to be sleeping.

Two of the boys hopped off to lay mines along the road.

The others didn't find Rommel. They attacked a blockhouse instead, and broke like a storm over 23 lorries coming from the Tripoli direction.

Even the Germans were terrified. They thought the British were 200 miles away. In the brief scrap fifteen paid for their complacent error.

Then Bob Dowling tactfully withdrew.

The ten-mile chase along the road kept the crew of the rear truck busy.

They were laying land mines all the way, and a half-dozen explosions told of the fate of the pursuing enemy.

Desert Sense

The desert patrols had done it again. They've never been idle.

Between campaigns they rode out into the emptiness of the world's most waterless region, charting wadis and escarpments, discovering and creating new and secret airfields for the R.A.F. Problems of food and fuel supply were overcome by triumphant organisation.

One group established themselves in a distant oasis where they had even a swimming pool to aid the amenities. Then, though nothing showed on the maps, they began to feel that another oasis might lie not far away.

Desert sense, developed to the degree, is the secret of many of these tank Dick Turpins.

Two days across the dunes brought them to the threshold of a mystery world. A cone of black rock rose to the sky, riven from top to bottom as if by an ancient earthquake.

Through the gorge there was room for the patrol to creep single file. At the other end a green, crescent-shaped oasis lay at the fringe of a purple lake.

"What a hide-out!" gasped their leader.

Not one of the 200 natives had ever seen a European. From this starting-place, for many months, the desert patrols drove the Axis frantic.

Stones for Food

They stole by night into Axis airfields and sabotaged them silly.

They discovered Italian food dumps deep in the desert and quietly replaced them with heaps of stones.

One of these unwashed but exultant bands actually struck 475 miles behind Rommel's lines and surprised a motor transport repair section at Sirte, bringing back prisoners across the leagues of desert.

The Derna road ran red with wine when they upset a food convoy. And there was blood in the desert on the night when they swooped on another convoy.

One of the vehicles began to burn and, in the garish light of the flames, the leader saw to his horror that he was attacking a lorry marked with a Red Cross.

Just as he was giving the order to cease fire, the doors of the mock ambulance opened and armed men poured out and engaged him.

Still he won the battle, and his haul included a load of official mail which gave away all the enemy dispositions in a certain area.

Patrol activity!

Often the phrase seemed meaningless. But behind it all the time were the lone, long rangers, setting oil tanks afire, creeping—as they did one night—into a German tent just as the Nazis were preoccupied in a card party.

The Morning After

In a few seconds they were all out, and the patrol scooped the kitty. Then they discovered an Italian telephone tent where the Eyties were engaged in a drinking bout. After all, the British were miles away!

"Sorry you've been troubled!" said a message pinned to the tent-flaps, when the other Italians discovered the mess next morning.

KEEP IT SHORT

SINCE the public began to go all out in efforts to save waste paper people have realised that officialdom could be taught a lesson or two.

Nearly all Government Departments are offenders when it comes to wasting paper.

Readers point out that the majority of Departmental forms and letters are unnecessarily verbose.

There is one bright suggestion from Income Tax payers. They point out that with every assessment form sent out the Inland Revenue Department sends a triple folded sheet measuring 24 in. by 11 in.

This contains the voluminous "Notes in Regard to the Statement of Income."

The Waste Paper Recovery Association has considered two suggestions. One is that these notes should be sent only to those who ask for them. Another is that copies should be displayed by public libraries or Citizens' Advice Bureaux.

So if you feel critical about official wastage do not hesitate to air your views.

While we cannot acknowledge letters we will see that they are passed on to the right quarter for official action.

VOICE

HERE'S a vivid picture of Malta—the blitz island—by Sapper Brewster, R.A., in a letter to his mother at Newells Cottages, Misterton, Doncaster:

Perhaps we have come through the worst of it. Of course, it was inevitable that some of our best pals should be killed in the frequent raids. . . .

The other night Lofty and Harry went off for a stroll, saying that they would be back in half an hour . . . but they never returned.

They had hardly turned the corner when there was a warning and bombers came over. I crouched in an alcove and hoped for the best.

It was hot while it lasted, and when it was over I got up, feeling a bit dusty and shaky. Then someone came running down the street shouting that Lofty and Harry had been hit.

I ran to the spot, but nothing could be done. Both had been killed by a direct hit. It gets you when your pals go in a flash.

But now things are improving and our defence is great. When Jerry comes over now we see large forces of our Spitfires and Hurricanes tearing into them and knocking them out of the sky. That's the stuff!

If you had known Malta in peace, as I have done, and saw it now, it would break your heart. Almost every town and village has been battered. Churches, hospitals, schools and historical buildings have all been targets for the Hun.

But the Maltese have stood up to it like the fine people they are.

Naturally, everyone here was delighted by the King's award of the George Cross to the island—a fitting tribute to a brave people.

This is my fifth summer here, or is it my sixth? Anyhow, the main point is that I'm still here!

REALITY BEATS FILMS

And another snapshot of the same hot spot from Fusilier T. Dugdale, who, with his pals, went to a local cinema and found excitement when they came out. He writes to his sweetheart at Celegg Street, Skelmersdale:

We went to the pictures last night and saw "Q Planes." Not a bad show, but there was a better one when we came out.

The three of us had just walked a few yards along the road when our guns started. Then the searchlights caught an enemy bomber in their beams, and he did not "return safely"!

We get most of our excitement outside the "pictures," and there is no charge for these thrills.

'ARF A MO', 'ITLER!

The spirit that beats the U-boats gleams in this letter from an engineer on an oil ship to a friend at Westwood Street, Sunderland:

READERS VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

TWO friends have received forms ordering them to join the Home Guard. One has been in the R.A.F. for several months, the other joined the H.G. when it was first formed!—L. G. Dickinson, Taunton.

★ ★ ★

Although I am a compulsory fire-watcher I have never received a word of instruction on what to do in case of fire. What is the value of untrained men as fire-guards?—"E. G.," Highgate.

★ ★ ★

We are asked not to waste food, yet when the M.O.I. were making films of school canteens they could not do it at dinner time, but waited until three in the afternoon, when another meal had to be served all round.—V. Abbott, Welling, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Now that sweets are rationed perhaps we shall get full weight, not several ounces of wrappings, which, in spite of the paper shortage are still found on sweets.—H. Shaw, Howbury Street, Bedford.

★ ★ ★

A friend of mine received from the Leeds City Treasurer the sum of 33s. for fire-watching duties. This came through in the form of four separate cheques! A waste of paper, to say nothing of the two-penny stamp on each of the four cheques. Why not make out one cheque to cover such a small sum?—J. S., Leeds.

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Four days after leaving port we had to fall out of the convoy as we had developed serious engine trouble.

To make good the breakage took us seven days and nights, while all the time we were a standing target for any submarine that might be about.

Anyway, we got going again and went on at reduced speed for five days, when we again broke down.

This time it was our fuel unit, and repair took us another four days. By this time we were recognising each other by voice only, as we all looked the same and our appearance was ghastly. Everyone stripped to the waist, our faces black with grime and sweat, and our hair matted together with fuel oil. We looked like proper Christy minstrels, but without tambourines.

But we got the stuff home to port!

FANCY MEETING YOU!

From Tooting to Egypt seems a long way to go to meet a neighbour; but here is Driver Jack Heckles, R.A., telling how he met a friend who lived in the next road. He writes to his mother at Aldis Street, Tooting, London:

Had the surprise of my life yesterday when I bumped into a sergeant in a regiment next to ours, whose family live almost next door in good old Tooting!

He comes over to my dugout every night for a couple of hours, and we chat about old times and the people we know. It's fine to meet someone who knows that Tooting has nothing to do with a motor horn.

HIGH JINKS ON THE WAY

Troops en route for distant places may call at a port, and the local people see to it that they have a good time.

Sometimes, though, the lads are a little suspicious, as was A.C./ Forington, R.A.F., who tells his relatives at Boston, Lincs, about it:

We were walking up the main street when a lady stopped her car and asked us if we would like to go to a free dance. At first my mate and I thought there was a catch in it. You never can tell in a foreign place with strange people; but we decided to risk it.

The dance was given in a very posh house in the suburbs. When we arrived we had a big surprise. We had expected that all the girls would be dark brown, but we found that they were white and lovely!

They made us proper welcome. Before dancing we had a sing-song and then went to the dining-hall, where we had a feast.

After that came the dancing, and, to keep us cool, ices were served at frequent intervals. When dancing had finished we were taken back to the town in cars.

They are a grand lot of people and seem determined to give us a good time.

DYNAMITE DUMPLINGS

Trooper Hubert Jones (R.T.R.), also in the Near East, writes to his sister at Smethwick, Staffs, about his experiences as a cook—and other things:

My skill at cooking would surprise you. So far I haven't tried dumplings, but I shall make some if we ever run short of ammunition.

I am always trying new dishes, and some of them are quite good. But I have my critics! One of them told me that if only I could do the cooking for the German army the war would soon be over!!

Apart from cooking, I do almost everything except surgery, so when I get home and open up a little business I shall put out a sign: Real English cooking. Watches and boots repaired. Haircutting and shaving. Corns cut painlessly. Washing done—and mangling!

NEW YORK'S GLAD HAND

A salute to the Americans by J. Moloney, engaged in convoy work across the Atlantic, comes in a letter to friends at Richmond Park, Olton, Birmingham:

We docked in New York, and the reception the Yanks gave us had to be seen to be believed. I only hope that their men arriving in dear old Blighty are being treated as well as we have been treated over here.

Our old folk at home must cast their usual reserve aside and repay the A.E.F. boys for the unbounded kindness shown to British Service men over here.

There are clubs where everything is provided for our comfort, with the cleverest stars to entertain us. Our own Gertrude Lawrence is a grand worker over here, and to see her is like meeting an old friend.

It's fine to see the two English-speaking nations get on so well together. "God bless us both," sez I.

LIGHTS UP

Troops on the way out East usually put in at "Port of Call, No. 2," which, after monotonous days at sea, seems like Paradise.

In a letter to his parents at Westwood Avenue, Ipswich, L.A.C./ Gilson, R.A.F., describes the scene:

It is best of all at night when the sun goes down. All the town's lights are twinkling under a starry sky. Cars and 'buses carry full headlights; street lights and shop windows are ablaze with light, while huge coloured electric Neon signs flash out from the big hotels where every window is a twinkling star.

Then there is the promenade and the sea-front, with festoons of coloured lights hanging between the trees.

The municipal orchestra plays for dancing in the Gardens where the paths wind among sunken, rocky pools. . . .

Unfortunately, our stay in Paradise lasted only four days, and then we were back at sea, with darkened decks and with grimmer and sterner things ahead of us.

★ Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

WHAT TO DO WITH BAD CHILDREN

THE first letter opened to-day comes from a harassed mother who is driven nearly frantic by her two boys aged 6 and 7. The continual struggle is undermining her health.

"**They are so disobedient,**" *she writes,* "**that they have absolutely got me down. When they come indoors they go straight to the cupboard and help themselves even when there is a meal ready for them on the table.**

"**When I call them in at bedtime they take not the slightest notice. When they do eventually come in they throw their clothes on a chair or on the floor. I have begged, prayed and reasoned with them to be tidy. I have smacked them, too. I have even threatened to take them to a magistrate who believes in the use of the birch rod.**

"**Their father is in hospital and has been there for months. Please could you help me?**"

I can't help wondering what this mother would do if she were an infants' teacher and had to tackle, not two, but about forty young boys and girls of that age. I have suggested that she goes to see the head mistress about them. I should not be at all surprised to learn that at school both boys behave perfectly well!

Teachers of infants know a good deal about child psychology and could give the mother some useful tips. No one (child or adult) likes being ordered about, but most people will do a thing if they are asked reasonably and particularly if they see the sense and fairness of it.

The birch rod won't stop him

Scolding is useless; smacking has been tried without result; and threatening with the birch rod is quite a wrong method. I think the mother would do much better if she kept calm and avoided getting emotional. The boys know they can upset her by flinging their clothes on the floor and they "play her up."

Adults in charge of children should not regard themselves as the Government and the children the Opposition: they should work together as a team with a good captain.

NEXT comes a letter from a young man who is studying to become a teacher.

"**You have helped so many,**" *he says,* "**that I feel sure you can help me. I have so little free time in which to enjoy myself. My studies are a full-time job.**

"**The result is that I have never had a special chum. My policy is to be friendly with everybody but nobody in particular.**

"**For similar reasons I have refused to start any real friendship with a member of the other sex. But now I have an eternal feeling that something is missing from my life.**

"**I ought to explain that I have tried in vain to carry on a friendship and study at the same time, and always when I attempted it my work suffered. Is there no way of sorting out this problem? Please help me if you can, for honestly I do not know what I should do. I shall be very grateful for advice.**"

How many hours a day does this young man devote to study, I wonder. If he sleeps seven hours he still has 17 hours left, and if he allows two hours for meals there are still 15. He ought not to be sticking at books all that time. And if he is actually teaching in school he is free soon after 4 p.m.

In any case he ought to take a couple of evenings off every week for his social education. One can study so much that one becomes dull and sodden. I have met men with honours degrees who are hopeless duds in company.

It is exceedingly important for every young man and woman to acquire self-confidence and easy manners, and those things are not learnt from text-books.

Let him cultivate friends, plenty of them, and learn a little "savvy."

ANOTHER young man is in a different kind of quandary.

"**What am I to do?**" *he asks.* "**I have managed to get myself engaged to a girl without really meaning to! I like her quite a lot as a 'pal' and enjoy going about with her, but I haven't the slightest desire to settle down to married life yet awhile.**

"**It all happened one night when we were both feeling sentimental. The moonlight and the soft music in the distance had a sort of intoxicating effect and I lost my head. I realise, too, that the girl was exceptionally charming and sympathetic, and doubtless led me on.**

"**Next morning the news was all over the village. Everybody is asking when the wedding is to take place. I have not the courage to tell the girl—or her family—that I don't want to marry at all; at least, not for a long time. What would you advise me to do?**"

If the man had got engaged to the wrong girl I should advise him to make a break now and risk an action for breach of promise. I don't think this is the case here. He simply feels scared at the prospect of marriage—and so do thousands of men.

It's nonsense blaming the moon and the soft music. But surely if a man is reluctant to marry just yet no self-respecting girl would want to drag him to the altar.

The best plan would be to say outright what is going on inside his mind. If he is not willing the girl probably knows it already.

FEAR

THE fear of FEAR *is much greater than the fear of the thing we must do, for the hour and moment come to our aid when real experience we pass through. For things held in anticipation have no actual relation to deeds, and courage destroys the Doubt on which the shadow of Fear always feeds.*

THE danger of DANGER *confronts us in strange unreal array, and yet when we're really in it, it never looks quite that way. For the perspective of Fear is distorted till it makes Life look grotesquely awry.* FEAR PAINTS DEATH AS THE LAST DREAD THING, YET LIFE BEGINS IN FULL TIDE WHEN WE DIE.

IT'S the terror of TERROR *that appals us much more than when anguish descends, for then there's the spur of odd chances, and the Surprise which so often extends beyond the actual happening, till our inner spiritual power, brings us out of Life's immediate darkness into a bright New Hour.*

SO the fear of FEAR *is much greater than whatever must be faced, and whenever the need for action arrives the fear of* FEAR *is effaced, by the mustering of every emotion, co-ordinated and supreme, for God gave us Life to live, my friends, but Fear presides in its Untried Dream.*

J. M.

Are You Keeping HEALTHY HAPPY & FIT

A bright outlook goes a very long way in these days. But you cannot be healthy happy or fit unless your system is in tune, your blood and digestion are all that they should be, and elimination is a regular daily habit with you.

By cleansing, regulating and toning up the system Bile Beans enable you to maintain that constant personal fitness and cheery disposition which everyone needs to-day. So, be sure and take nightly

BILE BEANS

Sold Everywhere

diphtheria is DEADLY

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Have your child Immunised FREE — *the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

D-4

LAST LAUGH

GERTIE (Malvern).—"If a girl wants to be happy, she must marry a man with a good position." And a good disposition.

P. T. (Salisbury).—"I pay my rates immediately the demand comes to hand and never want to be reminded." If it comes to that, we don't want to be reminded, either.

F. V. (Warrington).—"I am going to sue my landlord because the ceiling of one of my rooms fell down without warning." Did you expect him to give you notice of it?

D. Y. (Ashburton).—"I started to swim across a rather wide pond and when half-way over I realised that I should not be able to reach the other side." So you turned back?

T. K. (Woodbridge). — "His dental surgery has lots of up-to-date electric gadgets." Including an electric door knob that makes it impossible for a hesitating patient to change his mind and let go?

Mrs. Y. (Saffron Walden).—"When my husband talks about his fishing experiences, he stretches his arms wide to illustrate the size of his catches." That's your opportunity to do some wool winding.

G. N. (Maida Vale). — "Restaurant patrons often request the orchestra to render a special selection." On the other hand, we hear of one diner who recently asked the musicians not to play at all while he was eating his meal in the hope that the bill would be only 5s.

W. J. (Shoeburyness). — "I enclose a long article on paper salvage which I expect you will use." Well, we won't, but the salvage people will.

O. F. (Islington).—"A motor bandit threw away a bag containing over £1,000 during a street chase in North London." Perhaps it suddenly dawned on him that in any case he wouldn't have it long, income tax being what it is.

V. T. (Whitehaven).—"No one ever died of hard work." Nevertheless, our office boy seems determined to take no risks.

N. W. (Chelmsford).—"I have invented a bullet-proof shirt, and soon I shall be putting it through some very strenuous tests." You should be quite satisfied regarding its powers of resistance if you get it back intact from the laundry.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Gee, it sure is a tough life, buddy. The strain of it kinda gets yer down at times. I'll be glad to be back on Convoy duty for a rest."

Side-Slips

NORTHERN WHIG AND BELFAST POST: "It is believed that a single enemy plane BLEW over and that no bombs were dropped."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS: ". . . when he entered the bar at 10.45 a.m. he saw . . . drawing his hand away from a CLASS half full of beer."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . fined £5 at Birmingham to-day (Monday) for taking away a car without the owner's consent and DRIVING without an insurance certificate . . ."

SUNDAY SUN:—"Months ago, Sir ——— promised the Nazis a 'terrible summer.' Well, the SUMMONS is passing."

Maddening Irritation from INSECT BITES RELIEVED INSTANTLY

CADUM OINTMENT instantly allays the irritation set up by insect bites, soothing the skin and preventing swelling and inflammation. Insect bites can easily become sources of infection. The wonderful antiseptic properties of CADUM OINTMENT act as a powerful germicide. You need no longer fear that insect bites (wasps, mosquitos or midges) will ruin your holiday so long as you have a box of CADUM OINTMENT always handy.

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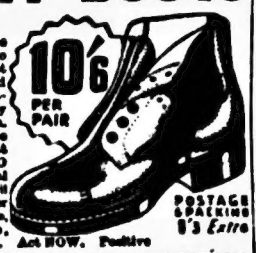

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STILL PRE-WAR PRICE

BUY SCO AT WOOLWORTHS

GREATEST OF THESE

● The case of a patriotic sufferer whose condition certainly calls for aid is that of Patrick Murphy, late of the R.A.F.

He served in the Auxiliary Air Force from August, 1939, to December, 1939, when he was discharged physically unfit. He signed on again in January, 1941, being passed Grade 1. He was again discharged unfit in June, 1941.

Now he has just left hospital after a lengthy illness, the doctor recommending him to go away for a rest and change of air, as it will be some considerable time before he will be well enough to resume work.

With a wife and three children under four years of age to support on small State grants, life is one long fight against increasing impoverishment.

We therefore urge our sympathetic readers to assist this deserving little family. Letters earmarked "Twice Called," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given; but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny sent is passed to those in need, as all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,335

FIRST PRIZE £50

W. Teeane, 52, Woodfield Drive, Gidea Park, Romford, Essex, for this "Bullet."

RIGHT TO CRITICISE

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Dangerously Near—*Britain's "Heart," Russia's "Wounds."*

£10: I. Harbinson, 53, Rosemount Gdns., Belfast.
Speed is Vital, So—Slow Down's Low Down.

£5: W. J. Jacobs, 6, Bryn Ave., Rhyl.
Fuhrer—"Home"—Don't Give "Tilsen"!

£4: Mrs. W. H. Allen, 26a, Aboyne Drive, Kingston By-pass, S.W.20.
Upset The Gestapo—Bristol Toothbrush—And Army!

£3: T. Morris, 2, Ormond Ave., Cleveleys, Blackpool.
To Oil The Wheels—Hitler's Bidding "Smashing Machine."

£2: F. Newbound, 4, Petit Rd., Moordown, Bournemouth.
Failures — "Excuse Themselves" — Won't "Leave."

10s.: Mrs. E. Holmes, 173, Sandringham Rd., Perry Barr, Birmingham.
More Than Local—Dare Chance, Arming France.

9s.: J. B. Colvin, 24, Sutton St., Durham City.
Soft Soap—Failing—Germans Apply "Vitriol"

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8s.: F. Stone, 229, Butts Rd., Shirley, Southampton.
To Oil The Wheels—Vital—"Steering Gear" Too.

8s.: Mrs. F. A. Wilson, Usk Villa, Llangynidr, Brecon.
Chance For Hale—Commander West Recipient Honour!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD NO. 287

WINNING WORDS: 1. Tail. 2. Rubber. 3. Cost. 4. Legs. 5. Why. 6. Dodged or Dogged. 7. Table. 8. Camping. 9. Bill. 10. Peg. 11. Money or Honey. 12. Loan. 13. Ham. 14. Sneak.

The following three competitors submitted sets of Answers differing at one point only from most meritorious set of Answers above, and thus share £100:—H. J. Francis, 10, Cedar Court, Eltham, S.E.9; F. Gotts, Stoke Green, Slough, Bucks; J. E. Sisler, 31, Wenham St., Liverpool.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 29 entrants who submitted sets of Answers differing at two points only.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

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Here is the Navy from A to Z. Everything about it—not only its ships and men, but its organisation, its technical marvels, its auxiliaries—everything there is to know! LOOK at panel above for a few of the subjects.

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CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for XWORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xwords No. 287, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry-column.		3P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3P	3P	3P
EDUCATIONISTS HATE CHILDREN BEING THIS	1	CRAM ED			
GUERILLA FIGHTERS ARE USUALLY COMPELLED TO RESORT TO THESE	2	WILES			
THOUGHTFUL PERSON ISN'T SURPRISED TO FIND THIS YELLOW	3	MO			
YOU MAY WELL HESITATE LENDING THIS TO MAN WHO BELIEVES TOO MUCH	4	AR			
ONE IDEAL FOR GLIDERS IS PRETTY CERTAIN TO ATTRACT MANY ENTHUSIASTS	5	PLANE			
A COUNTRY'S AIR DEFENCES WHEN SHE IS THREATENED BY WAR	6	CONSOLES			
HITLER CAN RIGHTLY BE EXPECTED TO EXPERIMENT WITH ALL KINDS OF NEW	7	GASSES			
SECRET SERVICE GETS LITTLE VITAL INFORMATION WHEN CIPHER IS THIS	8	DECODED			
GIVES A TWIST TO YARN	9	P N			
IT'S DISAPPOINTING FOR BOWLER TO FIND HIMSELF THIS	10	UT			
TERRIBLE ONE MAY LASH QUIET COVE TO WHITE FURY	11	STORM			
MAY WELL ESCAPE NOTICE WITHOUT CLOSE INSPECTION	12	S AM			
PERSISTENT ONE IS TRYING	13	CHILL			
REFEREE SHOULD HAVE EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THESE	14	RULES			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Sept. 12.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK

No..... MONDAY, AUG. 31

Signed .....

Address .....

291

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—2d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the conditions that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO THE WORLD
VICTORY'S CUP
WHILE YOU WAIT
HITLER'S ARMOUR
ALL THAT REMAINS
THE DOUGH-BOYS
WEAK SPOT
SMASHING THROUGH
LOOKS BAD
TO FINISH THE JOB
WE SUSPECT
IN TIME OF CRISIS
LESS AND LESS

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 30s., 26s., 24s., 22s., 20s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Jay Wire goes Friday, Sept. 11. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,335th Contest on page 14.

LULL IN THE FIGHTING
SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
ARMY OF OPTIMISTS
KEPT THE FLAG FLYING
THE OFFICIAL WAY
HER PEOPLE
FILL UP A FORM AND

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHERE ...WENT WRONG
PAVING FOR OUR .....
WHAT HAPPENED TO ...
THING ..... FORGOT
HIS SHARE OF .....
HOPE THAN WE .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated September 12.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,339 Monday, Aug. 31.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,339—or Xword No. 291, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Do you care for clothes?

If you care for clothes you naturally want to *take* care of your clothes. This is an important war job for every woman to take seriously. Fortunately, you are rewarded for the extra trouble, not only by feeling that you are helping to win the war, but also by looking your best all the time. *And* you save money as well as coupons.

MAKE DO AND MEND

Every sailor knows his "rig" may have to last him a long time. So definite times are set aside each week for the sailors to "make and mend," clean and repair their clothes. Follow their example. Every time you avoid buying new clothes by mending, altering or "freshening up" something you already have you are definitely helping to beat Hitler and his gang.

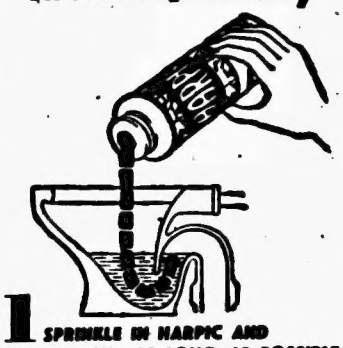
PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD. There's a lot more wear to be got out of every pair of shoes than some people realise. Here are some simple hints. Never put your shoes near the fire or on a radiator. When leather is exposed directly to heat it soon dries up, curls out of shape and loses its toughness and flexibility. Never go out in new shoes for the first time in wet weather. Wear them indoors for a few days instead. Always rub polish well into leather shoes and brush suede and fabric shoes *before* you put them away—on shoe trees if you have them.

Count your Coupons

When you are thinking of buying some garment or piece of material, count your coupons and think of the warm things you will need in the winter. The cold weather is a few weeks ahead. Better hold your coupons. Perhaps you can "make do" for the present with the clothes you have. Once your coupons are gone they're gone.

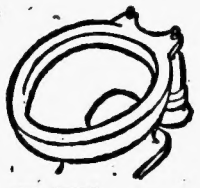
ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

HARPIC
cleans the lavatory easily



1 SPRINKLE IN HARPIC AND LEAVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE

Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.



2 THEN FLUSH— THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE

Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary — the part you don't see as well.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave*. Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic.

Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE 5-STAR

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

"THE BEST EXCHANGE"
British Gold

—for Sundays

2/1

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf. Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

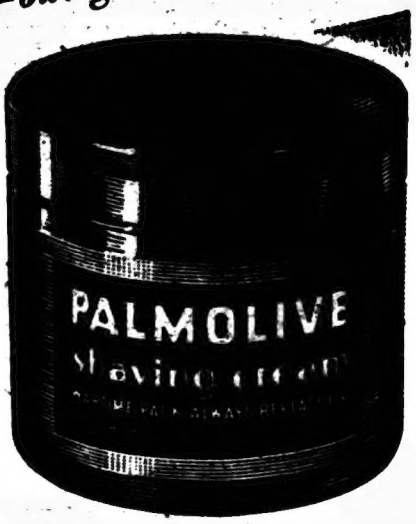
NEW
ANTISEPTIC SKIN BALM
shatters old ideas about ointments

For Spots, Pimples, Impetigo, Eczema, etc.

Replaces old-fashioned greasy, smelly ointments. White, non-greasy, pleasant to use. Proved ten times as efficient in killing germs as Carbolic Ointment. Makes skin clear and healthy in few days. Skin Specialists prescribe it. At Boots and best chemists 2/- (including tax), or send postal order 2/- for full-size jar.—Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 56C.), 25/27, Berners Street, London, W.1.

VALDERMA
ANTISEPTIC BALM

THE OLIVE OIL SHAVE NOW CARRIES ON IN JARS
—owing to metal shortage



Though it has given up tubes to help provide more metal for war purposes, Palmolive remains Palmolive — the luxurious *olive oil* shaving cream.

Multiplies itself 250 times in lather. Softens the beard in one minute. Maintains its creamy fulness for at least 10 minutes. Its strong bubbles hold bristles erect for shaving. Its olive oil content braces and tones the skin.

PRICES: 1/6d. and 2/6 INCLUDING TAX.

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